

The Saturday News

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THE ISSUE IN EDMONTON

A political change that has been foreshadowed for some time past has been brought about. Mr. Sifton has doubled the size of his Cabinet and rearranged the portfolios.

The premier confines himself to the department of Railways and Telephones. Mr. Mitchell becomes minister of public works. Mr. Marshall remains as minister of agriculture and Mr. McLean as provincial secretary. Of the new ministers, Mr. Cross returns to his old portfolio, the Attorney-generalship. Mr. Boyle is made minister of education; Mr. Mackenzie, provincial treasurer and Mr. Stewart, minister of municipal affairs.

Five bye-election campaigns are, as a consequence, in progress. The Opposition has decided to oppose all the members of the cabinet going back for reelection, while a fifth vacancy has been created in Cardston by the resignation of Mr. Woolf.

The success of the Conservative candidates in the bye-elections last October leads the more optimistic members of that party to count on a repetition of this on the present occasion. But the conditions are by no means similar.

The ridings that are being contested do not afford the same favorable fighting ground for them. The sweeping Conservative victory throughout the Dominion a month previous had its influence last autumn. But most important of all, the Sifton government has since that time adopted a railway policy which meets public demands and in support of which the Liberals of the province can once more show a united front.

This last consideration applies with particular force to Edmonton. There is one thing that the people of this city have an especial interest in seeing brought about and that is the opening up of the country to the north, the possibilities of which have long since been clearly demonstrated. It means an economic revolution to Alberta which incidentally will make Edmonton one of the great centres of the continent.

The Sifton government, in its early stages, did nothing towards the realization of this. It buried a project that had already been launched and made no provision

the imperative need of such a building programme has been urged on this page.

And now that it is provided for, what are the people of Edmonton going to do about it?

What attitude would they have had their representative in the Legislature assume towards it?

Mr. Cross held out for such a policy when to do so involved the breaking away from those with whom he had for years been acting in political association. But when the government came around to his way of thinking he gave it his whole-hearted support, as was only fair to it and consistent with his own record.

And when Mr. Sifton invited him to rejoin the Cabinet, assuming his old portfolio, why should he not have accepted this invitation with the chance that it gave him to use his influence as a Cabinet Minister to see to it that the railway building programme was carried out with the least possible delay?

With such a prospect ahead, is it the time to concern ourselves with piquancy political controversy?

What nine out of ten electors of Edmonton are interested in is not the success of any party but the development of the country, in which they have their stake. Now that the government has set out on a programme the completion of which means that the dream of long years will come true, should it not be given a chance to show what it can do?

Should not it be encouraged to go on with the good work by the overwhelming return in the present bye-election of the man who has more than anyone else been responsible for bringing about the adoption of the development scheme that is now being undertaken energetically?

If when a general election comes along, two years hence, the government has not carried out the policy on which it is now seeking support, that will be the time for bringing down on it the popular disapproval that will be its due.

The Opposition journals now say that the electors have but promises to bank upon and that there is no chance that these will be fulfilled. This is an unwarranted assumption. At the present stage it can do no more than make promises. What is to be gained by not giving it the opportunity to make good on these?

The defeat of the attorney-general two weeks from Monday would unquestionably set back the whole railway building programme.

It would be taken to mean that the people of Edmonton, after having talked incessantly for years about the need of railways in the north, were not in earnest. Another period of uncertainty would ensue and the development that we are counting on would be further delayed to an indefinite extent.

Even though much is to be said against the general record of the Sifton administration, and the Saturday News has not been backward in urging that there was, this is not the time to act upon it. What we have to consider now is that we have a certainty that a forward railway programme will be pushed ahead if the people express their approval of it. In two years' time it will be so far advanced that no matter what party is then returned to power, there is no possibility of its being interfered with. It will then be quite safe to consider other issues. What we want to assure now is that the work of active construction will be gone on with.

That is why Mr. Cross should be returned on May 27 by such a majority that there can be no misunderstanding as to the sentiment of the city.

Of what concern beside this is the fact that Mr. Cross and Mr. Boyle, who were formerly in political disagreement, are now in the same Cabinet? All political life is a matter of compromise. One would think that this was the first occasion on which such a thing had happened, to read the *Jocose* remarks of the Opposition press. How often it has happened, in all parties and in all countries, that those who at one time opposed one another have come into political association, the most casual reader of modern history is well aware.

Individuals count for little but the cause that they espouse counts for everything. It is the cause with all that it means to the future of this city and the welfare of every man who has his home here, that should be considered at the present moment, to the exclusion of everything else.

In Mr. Ewing, who is to make the running against Mr. Cross the Conservatives have placed in the field probably their best available candidate. In bringing him forward again at the present time, they are making what looks like a very serious mistake. A man cannot be beaten more than once or twice without having his prestige suffer, and they would be much wiser if they held him back till a time when other issues could be brought to the fore. The people of Edmonton cannot be expected to consider any but the one in this contest. They fully realize what their answer means and they can be depended upon to give it with no uncertain sound.

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

The news of the death, which took place in California on Monday, of Superintendent Charles Constantine of the Mounted Police, has been received with very great regret all through this part of the West where for many years he had made his home. He was one of the oldest officers and had seen a large variety of service.

His connection with the police dated back to the days of the Rebellion, but he came west with Wolseley in 1870. He was with the first detachment that went into the Yukon and the story of his experiences in the early days of the gold rush would make a fascinating volume. He was stationed in Edmonton six years ago, later going to Lesser Slave Lake and eventually to Prince Albert.

A fine type of soldier, he did much to create and maintain the traditions of a force of which Canadians have the best of reasons to be proud.

Round about harvest time, there is always much interest in the phases of the moon, which has been popularly accepted as influencing the weather. Those who have held this view have had their theories borne out by experience with surprising faithfulness. But up to the present there has never been any scientific support given to these. This is at last accorded by Mr. E. E. Nevill, F.R.S., who has just returned to England from Natal, where he was director of the principal government observatory. He has discovered what appears to be a definite association between the moon and periodical abnormal rainfalls in South Africa. Heavy rains occur there at intervals of nineteen years, which period synchronizes with the lunar cycle of maximum north and south declinations. Mr. Nevill's theory is that the attraction of the moon on the earth's atmosphere causes a permanent cloud-belt to drift with it, and that the amplitude of the drift is so great when the moon is nearing its furthest point north of the equator that the mass of clouds impinges on the mountains in Natal and precipitates the excessive rains.

A despatch states that the Royal Society of Literature has decided to award its gold medal to Thomas Hardy. The admirers of Mr. Hardy's work will agree that the honor is well deserved. He is unquestionably the outstanding figure among living British novelists. The Society is an old established body, whose honors are very highly prized. Among its fellows is Mr. E. W. Thomson, who is at present spending some time in Edmonton. Mr. Thomson has had a notable career in both journalism and literature. He was one of the editors of the *Globe* under Hon. George Brown and has played no small part in shaping of public opinion in the Dominion. Later he went to Boston as editor of the *Youth's Companion*. His literary work has received widespread recognition abroad. The *Saturday News* has had frequent occasion to quote from his poems of which he has published several volumes and which deserve to be much better known in Canada than they are. His "Old Man Savarin and other stories" was given a very flattering reception some years ago. His translations of Victor Hugo were pronounced by the *London Spectator* the best that had been published. He is a member of the Authors' Club of London, England and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

The controversy still rages as to the conduct of Mr. Ismay, managing director of the White Star line. A great many letters have been written to the press of both continents protesting against the attacks upon him. Admiral A. T. Mahan, the distinguished writer on naval topics, answers these in an article in the *New York Evening Post*, which completely covers the ground.

The subject is well worth discussing, not from any desire to hold Mr. Ismay up to the public scorn, but to make it plain what is expected from a man under such circumstances. None of us can tell when we shall be put to a somewhat similar test, and we should all have a definite conception of what our duty would be. There can be too much so-called charity of judgment in a matter such as this.

Admiral Mahan writes in part as follows: "For all the loss of life the company is responsible, individually and collectively. Mr. Ismay—personally, not only as one of the members. He believed the Titanic unsinkable; the belief believes of moral guilt, but not of responsibility. Men bear the consequences of their mistakes as well as of their faults. He—and Admiral Chadwick—justly his leaving over fifteen hundred persons, the death of each of whom lay on the company, on the ground that it was the last boat half-filled; and Mr. Ismay has said, no one else to be seen."

"No one to be seen; but was there none to be reached? Mr. Ismay knew there must be many, because he knew the boats could take only a third. The Titanic was 882 feet long, 92 feet broad; the length, say, from Thirty-four street to a little north of Thirty-seventh. Within this space were congregated over 1,500 souls, on several decks. True, to find any one person at such a moment in the intricacies of a vessel were a vain hope; but to encounter some stragglers would not seem to be. Read in the *Sun* and *Times* of April 23 Col. Gracie's account of the 'madness of humanity, men and women,' that suddenly appeared before him, after the boats were launched. "In an interview reported in the *New York Times*, April 25, Admiral Sir Cyrrian Bridge, a very distinguished officer, holds that Mr. Ismay was but a passenger as other passengers. True, up to a certain point. He is in

no sense responsible for the collision; but, when the collision occurred, he confronted a wholly new condition, for which he was responsible, and not the captain: viz.: a sinking vessel without adequate provision for saving life. Did no obligation to particularity of conduct rest upon him under such a condition?

"I hold that, under the conditions, so long as there was a soul that could be saved, the obligation lay upon Mr. Ismay that that one person, and not he, should have been in the boat. More than 1,500 perished. Circumstances yet to be developed may justify Mr. Ismay's action completely; but such justification is imperatively required. If this be 'the acme of emotionalism,' I must be content to bear the imputation."

"Admiral Chadwick urges the 'preserving a life so valuable to the great organization to which Mr. Ismay belonged.' This bestows on Mr. Ismay's escape a kind of halo of self-sacrifice. No man is indispensable. There is surely brains enough and business capacity enough in the White Star Company to run without him. The reports say that of the rescued women thirty-seven were widowed by the accident and the lack of boats. Their husbands were quite as indispensable to them as Mr. Ismay to the company. His duty to the ship company was clear and primary; that to the company so secondary as to be at the moment inoperative."

It is seldom that the death of a public man calls forth such general sorrow as has that of Judge Mabey of the Railway Commission. He had done so much good work and had so much still to do that his loss must prove a severe one. The manner in which he conducted the commission's business came as a great relief to the layman, who had lost patience with the cumbersome and mystifying methods of the law courts. It was inevitable that the question should be asked why we should not in ordinary affairs have as simple and as expeditious a system of administering justice as the railway board under Mr. Mabey's control afforded.

Surprise was often expressed that the late judge had not become a figure in the wider field of Canadian politics. The story of why he did not afford a strange comment on government under a democracy. He was a can-



HON. C. W. CROSS

Attorney-General of Alberta, Liberal Candidate in Edmonton.

for anything to take its place. The result was that the senior member for Edmonton and many who shared his views declined to support the administration in this phase of its policy.

In doing so, they pursued a course that was completely in keeping with their own often expressed convictions and in accordance with the overwhelming sentiment of at least this section of the province.

But last session a change came. The government brought down railway building proposals according to which about 1,650 miles of new lines are to be completed within the next three years. A large proportion of these are to be built to the north of Edmonton.

One has but to glance at the map showing the various projects to realize how comprehensive the programme for the north country is. Northwest from Edmonton the C.N.R. is to build into Grande Prairie and on to the British Columbia boundary. What is generally known as the McArthur road goes north to a point east of Lesser Slave Lake and along the south shore of that body of water to Dunvegan on the Peace River. In a northeasterly direction a line runs to St. Paul des Metis. From Athabasca Landing, which point the C.N.R. steel will reach in a few weeks, a branch is to be built along the north shore of Lesser Slave Lake to Peace River Crossing, another to Fort McMurray, giving the necessary link with the 2,000 miles of fine waterway that stretches clear to the Arctic ocean and still another east to Lac La Biche.

What all this means it is not necessary to dwell further upon here. Week in and week out for years past



THE LATE JUDGE MABEY

didate once for the House of Commons, but was badly beaten by a man, who, the chief claim to support was that he was the best kind of a "good fellow." At the next election he was beaten by another "good fellow."

The park bylaws were passed by large majorities, the vote for the purchase of the golf links being a little better than five to one and that for the College Avenue property a little less than four to one. The citizens did a good day's work in assuring the conversion of both of these properties to public use. Both will in course of time become show-spots for the city.

Now that the river view along the two blocks between McDougall Avenue and First Street cannot be obstructed, the next move is to see to it that all the property along the north side of the street is reserved for public buildings.

The Library board has decided to go on with a building on the College Avenue site independently of Mr. Carnegie, any aid which he sees fit to give being devoted to that on the south side.

The arrangement may be all right, provided that it is clearly recognized that the south side library is to be simply one of several branches that will have to be erected in different parts of the city in the course of time. Nothing should be done to weaken the central institution or to interfere with the working out of the one library scheme for the whole city. In any case, it is reassuring to find that something is likely to be done in providing facilities at an early date.

The writer of that very interesting department of

(Continued on Page Eight.)



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The Mirror



"THESE LITTLE ONES."

(E. Nesbit, in "Ballads and Lyrics of Socialism.")

"What of the garden I gave?"

God said to me;

"Hast thou been diligent to foster and save

The life of flower and tree?

How have the roses thriven,

The lilies I have given,

The pretty scented miracles that spring

And summer come to bring?"

"What of the child I gave,"

God said to me;

"The little, little one I died to save

And gave in trust to thee?

And gave the flowers grown

That in his soul were sown,

The lovely living miracles of youth

And hope and joy and truth?"

"The child's face is all white,"

I said to God;

"It cries for cold and hunger in the night,

Its little feet have trod

The pavement muddy and cold,

It has no flowers to hold,

And in its soul the flowers you set are dead."

"Thou fool!" God said.

Down at the bottom of the hill on First street, a bit along towards the river, you will see a big, cosy, comfortable red-brick building, and if you ask someone what it is they will tell you "The Children's Shelter."

I like the word. I like it much better than "home," as applied to institutions. Because there never was a "home" yet in the true sense of the word, outside of some family circle, and when you call any collection of bricks and mortar put together to shelter a collection of individuals, by that sacred name, you lie at the beginning. And if you lie in the name of your house, ten to one its administration will not be above reproach.

But "shelter" is another story. When I think of that I think of refuge, of loving arms stretched out to encircle something in need. I imagine I see someone interposed between something hurtful and the object seeking protection; and this is precisely what the big red house at the foot of the hill aims to do.

I am no admirer of the administration of the city of Edmonton, but I have discovered one good thing in its favor. That thing is "The Shelter," built out of the city funds, and partly maintained by them. I don't think they wanted to do it, mind you; the law compelled them to. But there sits this refuge of neglected children, a living monument to living need. The best monument so far erected to a collection of bungling, stupid, old city Fathers.

I don't mind telling you that I cordially dislike all institutions and all their ways. That's because I don't like being herded myself. But if I had to be corralled, I think I'd ask, if I wasn't too big, to be taken to the Shelter. They're so jolly down there. They're so human.

The moment you enter the hall you hear shouts of childish laughter. Opening a door to your left you discover a large airy room flooded with sunshine. Seated around little tables, or playing about the floor, are twenty or more little children, each one hugging a Teddy Bear, deep in a book, or indulging in some of the merry games dear to the heart of childhood, the world over.

With them is the grown up, just to see that some show of order is maintained.

It is pretty to see how the older children mother the little ones. This seems to be one of the sweet outstanding characteristics of the children of poor or neglected parents. But, while I would linger all day with the youngsters, Mr. Chadwick is anxious that we should get on and inspect the building. Through room after room we go from cellar to attic, my amazement growing with each new-opened door.

I see a large model kitchen, outfitted with every convenience. I smell all sorts of appetizing things steaming away in pots. I see on the pantry shelves big rice puddings, cooked to a turn and rich with the goodness of sweet, fresh milk.

I visit model laundries, huge refrigerating rooms, vegetable store rooms, a disinfecting room where the clothes are sent down chutes and disinfected, as soon as a child enters the institution. On the main floor is a little hospital ward, of two or three beds, a small operating room where minor operations are performed, a beautiful private bath room in connection with a linen closet, all outfitted with bandages and necessary articles. The linen all specially marked for the sole use of that particular apartment. In short, a model hospital ward.

On this flat, too, are the matron's, and the general, dining rooms, the offices, kitchen and pantries, and the play rooms. Above stairs are the boys' and girls' dormitories; bright, heartsome rooms. All rows of little white cots with snowy linen, which the children are taught to make themselves—wash rooms, bath rooms, linen rooms, matron's quarters, a diet kitchen, an infants bath room, a nursery, where in a long row slumber twenty-teeny bundles of the littlest-sized humans. They take them in as young as—they make them. Two weeks. I saw three of them with a nurse, lovely little things, contentedly purring on a downy bed in the sun, meanwhile hugging their various bottles as if their lives depended on them. One of them was the child of an unfortunate girl, who had to give it up, and go out to service. Tragedy hovers over this Shelter, warded off by the good angel, Love, sometimes called charity. Upstairs again are the punishment cells, with barred windows.

where the bad boys go for a space, when the Devil has proved too much for them. Here too are the detention quarters for the children committed to the state institutions, the sewing and store rooms, maid's quarters, extra nurses accommodation and so forth.

Nothing seems to have been over-looked. The lighting arrangement is particularly good. The rooms are all airy and sunny. There are clothes closets galore, a place for everything, and everything in its place.

If you could see the homes out of which most of these children come, you can readily believe that the Shelter to them means a little bit of Heaven on earth.

They have toys to play with, a fine big play-ground, plenty to eat, clean clothes, a clean body, and what goes with both, a clean, healthy mind.

They are bathed regularly three times a week. Their faces shine with wholesomeness, happiness and childish beauty.

If you are talking Shelter, I confess you will find me an enthusiast. It seems to me that those who have been placed in charge here, have the most unexceptional genius for the work in which they are engaged.

Mr. Chadwick is of course, a whirlwind. He lives, and eats, and sleeps. Neglected Children.

When I tell you that the last time I saw him he was raising a row because a cabbage had been put in the same refrigerator where the babies milk was kept, you may get two ideas. One is, that no babies are going to get ill in that institution if sanitary and up-to-date methods can keep them from it. And another is, that a man who has an eye out for stray cabbages in places they hadn't ought to be, isn't going to miss much that concerns the welfare of his poor little human strays.

The staff of "The Shelter" seem animated by the same spirit. The matron impressed me as a most capable woman. Before we came away I watched the kiddies troop in to dinner.

I saw the boys I had seen committed to the Shelter a week ago, file in. Already a metamorphosis had set in. They were jolly, wholesome and clean. Their faces shone with happiness and anticipation of a good meal. Everyone had an appetite. Clean plates are the order of the day here. Rich children's weak stomach complaint, is not known under this roof.

The youngsters are well-mannered, and help look after each other. Your children could get some pointers here on table etiquette.

Improvements have yet to be made to the grounds; swings are going to be erected, and outdoor amusements set up. That's giving the young ones a chance, isn't it? From here they go out into foster homes, the department still keeping a watchful eye over their interests.

Isn't it a work worth while?

Some day perhaps, they'll have a "home" for foolish and neglectful parents.

It's the parents, not the children, that the Aid are out to hunt down. If Mr. Gray can ever lay his hands on them, they'll get their medicine, that I know. Why don't you take a walk down First street yourself and see what they're doing?

Why don't some of you wealthy men loosen up and do your share to scatter sunshine among these little ones?

And you women, you dear careless butterflies, why don't you send down some of your children's superfluous toys, clothes, etc.

I don't quote scripture myself, but I do believe "Inasmuch as you have done it," and you know the rest.

AFTER TWO MONTHS.

Rondeau.

"Mamma is coming out," the children cry,
Their eager voices sounding shrill and high.
But not to lead her dear ones, hand in hand,
Through bird-enchanted wood and meadowland,
And wander gaily home when eve is nigh;

Nor yet at some delicious soup to buy
The toys they covet (aeroplane that fly,
Great Teddy bears, and soldiers brave and grand)
Mamma is coming out.

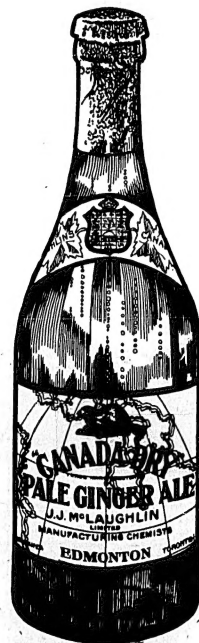
But, having sworn the wretches to baffle
Who woman's fitness for a vote deny,
And being charged, with others of the band,
For smashing windows somewhere in the Strand,
From Holloway, with triumph in her eye,
Mamma is coming out.

Peggy

Speaking in support of a motion proposing the public control of coal mines, Mr. Money, of the British House of Commons, said that at present a great amount of coal was wasted, and it was certain that conservation was possible. The British people were allowing a system, or want of system, to spring up, which would be fraught with great trouble in the future, because of the lack of co-ordination and of delimitation of proper power areas in the country.

If coal were converted into power at the pit-head, it was estimated that 20,000,000 tons of coal per year would provide all the power needed for national requirements, instead of the 150,000,000 tons at present required. The conservation of coal at the pithead would, of course, increase the use of electricity, but he believed, even then, that a definite saving in coal would result.

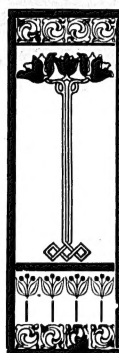
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According to a technical magazine for writers this
is the time to send Christmas stories to the magazines.
'Twas Christmas eve, and through the town
'Just hear that meadow lark thrilling!)
The silent snow was coming down;
(Say, wife, that bonfire smoke is killing!)
A little orphan, lonely maid,
(That organ man again, doggone it!)
Looked at some Christmas gifts displayed.
(This thing should buy your Easter bonnet.)

A clubman sauntered down the street;
(Gee whizz these first spring days are stifling!)
He gazed upon the maid so sweet;
(These Christmas yams are always trifling!)
He clasped her to his heaving breast;
(What's that; the lawn will need reseeded?)
Adoption, joy and all the rest.
(There! mail it now for Christmas reading!)

A little boy who had reached the age when boys feel
that a watch is the one thing that makes life worth
living, was told that for the present a watch could not
be given to him.

But Edward continued to tease for one, until the
whole family were wearied. Then his father, after ex-
plaining that he should certainly have a watch when he
was older, forbade him to mention the subject again.

The next Sunday, the children, as was their custom,
repeated Bible verses at the breakfast-table. When it was
Edward's turn, he astonished them all by saying:

"What I say unto you, I say unto all: Watch!"

There is at least one woman in these days of transi-
tion in the status of her sex who has no wish to under-
mine the last bulwark of man's superiority. The New
York Sun describes her as a New England farmer's wife.

One day, as she hurried from churn to sink, from
sink to shed, and back to the kitchen stove, she was asked
if she wanted to vote.

"No, I certainly don't," she replied. "I say if there's
one little thing that the men-folks can do alone, for good-
ness' sake let 'em do it!"



Find the man that told the book agent that Jones would surely be inter-
ested. Judge

A man who goes to Maine each year for the hunting
was quite surprised this season upon arriving at the
village hotel to find one of the old and best-known
guides loafing about idle.

"Well, Lufe," asked the visitor, "don't you guess hun-
ting parties any more?"

"No, I gave it up," slowly answered Lufe. "Got tired
of being mistook for a deer."

"I don't blame you. How do you earn your living
now?"

"Guide fishin' parties now. So fer nobody ain't mis-
took me fer a fish."

The following item appeared in a morning paper:
"The body of a sailor was found in the river this morn-
ing cut to pieces and sewed up in a sack. The circum-
stances seem to preclude any suspicion of suicide."

A rather brutal thing was said unawares at an even-
ing party. Shortly after midnight a gentleman was pressed
to sing. Very thoughtfully he put forth the excuse
that at the late hour the next-door neighbors might
object.

"Oh, never mind the neighbors," cried the young lady
of the house. "They poisoned our dog last week."—Lip-
pincott's.

Striking members of the Amalgamated Skirt Stitchers
were holding a conference.

"Where is that tall, thin girl who joined the union
last week?" inquired the walking delegate.

The secretary rose to reply:
"She handed in her resignation this morning."
"What was her reason?"
"She took offense when she was called on to act as
a picket."—Judge.

In sports I do not know the men who lead,
I know not who for records go a-gunning;
But every person will, I'm sure, concede
That Bryan ought to get the prize for running.

I do not know who in the dash is fleet;
I know not who the record has for vaulting;
But I am certain that no one can beat
The Oyster Bay expert at somersault.—N. Y. Sun.

Little Hazel—"We've invited too many children to
our tea party. There isn't enough for them to get more'n
a bite each."
Little Dot—"That's too bad! I dess we'll have to call
it a reception."

"Has a husband a right to open letters which come
for his wife?"
"He may have the right, but he rarely has the pluck!"

"You needn't make fun of longhaired actors."

"What has anybody got to say for them?"
"You forget, don't you, that it was not until Samson
got long hair that he was able to bring down the house."

INTERLUDES OF LABOR.

After all, it is good to be alive; neither to think nor to
dream; but just content to be.—F. M.

We swing down long, straight roads
Bordered with sturdy weeds whose golden ranks
Flame out beneath the rays of morning light;
By green woods breathing sweet of woodland life,
With sunbeams sifting down long aisles of pines,
Scattering the shades beneath with shimmering gold;
Through deep-grassed thickets waked by morning's
dawn;
Along old ways to those familiar haunts
Where gray-birds sing the morning's lyric hymn,
And Kitt-linnies bloom in tangled masses
Of delicate pure white, like ocean spray.

We lie full-stretched upon the sandy beach,
Drowning in lead poured from the golden sun;
The water ripples, foaming on the sands,
And curls and splashes, ebbs and flows
About the stones and divers-colored shells.
We feel the clear, cold water, the warm earth,
The ocean breeze, the mid-day's soft cortext.

As the sun sets, we climb the steep hill-road,
Past the long line of poplars on the brow
Like sentinels that guard the evening's calm,
And come upon a long and shadowy plain,
Strewed with great trees, shrouded in amber dusk.
The city rests against the misty slope.
Beyond, the deep, blue waters of the bay
Stretch to the distant, solitary heights,
Whose lonely summits meet the quiet sky,
Soundless and colorless.

—Innis Steinmetz, in The Canadian Magazine.

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this letter of Mr. Stirling, the well
known real estate operator of Western
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certain cure.

CHENOC, ONT., Aug. 15th, 1911
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me when I suffered with distressing
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Although I have, in past, suffered
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THE CASE OF A YOUNG ACTOR.

One of our prominent managers has
created quite a sensation by his sweep-
ing generalities on the incompetence
of young American actors. He speaks,
of course, from the fullness of know-
ledge gained by years of experience,
and yet there is something in his re-
marks that sounds surprisingly like
the attitude that every generation
maintains toward its successor. Every-
body is apt to undervalue the qual-
ities and attainments of younger men,
because those attainments are not yet
seasoned by maturity.

Beyond a doubt, the American stage
is overburdened with a crowd of aim-
less youths animated simply by a fool-
ish desire to stand behind the foot-
lights and to make believe that they
are clugs, poets, or dukes, as the case
may be. The people responsible for
the appearance of these misguided and
misplaced creatures are the managers
who are beguiled into hiring the
youths, and the managers must have
foreseen that their employment of
cheap labor could result only in ex-
actly the conditions now under pro-
test.

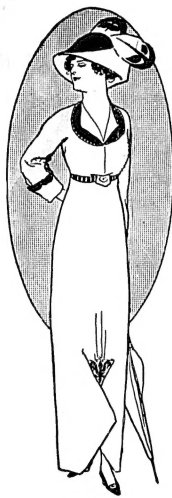
Early in the season, for example, a
light comedy was produced in New
York, the cast of which was largely
recruited from the class of Thespians
who have had a few years' apprentice-
ship to their art, and who for the most
part had nothing but their youth and
vivacity to commend them. Few of
them promised ever to have much
more of an equipment than that. Yet
the producing manager considered it
worth while to spend his effort on this
ephemeral affair and to make what he
could out of actors whose usefulness
is pitifully limited.

Generalities are always perilous in
this ever-growing contingent of young
actors there must be—and are—a
goodly percentage of intelligent, am-
bitious, fairly educated workers, who
are anxiously watching for precisely
the opportunities to deepen and to
broaden their talents, which the man-
ager in question professes himself
ready to offer. That he should not
have met them is, perhaps, nobody's
fault, but is many people's misfortune.

Actors with ambition—even young
actors—realize the necessity of con-
stant application and energy, if they
are ever going to get anywhere. Their
work is playing only in name, and is
rewarded with success only when per-
formed with the industry that men in
other callings bestow on their round
of labor.

The theatre really demands more of
its workers than other institutions do,
because it requires the mastery of such
varied accomplishments. Mind and
body must both be developed. An ac-
tor can use every physical grace and
every mental attainment of which he
is capable. He cannot have played a
single role—no matter how infinites-
imal—without having learned that
exiom.

Having discovered that fact, any
man of sense would immediately start
on the toilsome path toward the far-
away goal of universal accomplish-
ment. Now, we are not ready to ad-
mit that the European stage has any
monopoly on sense. It may have a
monopoly on opportunities for devel-
opment; that is for the managers to
say, because it concerns them. It does
not stand to reason to assert that we
lack the woodmen to do the selecting
and the leaving.



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A DUEL OF WITS.

In the diplomatic service, a man must always keep his wits keen and ready for use. A case in point is supplied by James Burrill Angell, in his "Reminiscences," in this anecdote of his sojourn in Constantinople, as minister from the United States:

The spies of the Sultan were everywhere. A Turk told me that the spy business was the most prosperous of all. I was assured that spies were sitting at the dinner-tables of the principal hotels, to overhear the conversation of the guests. With one against those who visits I had been warned, I had an amusing interview.

He was a handsome, dignified Arab, who had been in England long enough to talk English fairly well. He introduced himself to me by saying he had been Mayor of Jerusalem, and was now trying to procure from the government a concession for the construction of a system of water-works for that city.

He regretted—so he informed me—to find that the government was so corrupt that he had no hope of securing the concessions except by bribing a whole row of officials. I refreshed him to turn from those representatives of corrupt and tyrannical government and pay his respects to the representative of a pure and honest democracy.

Supposing his object to be to draw from me some remark derogatory to the Sultan, which he could report to my disadvantage, I remarked that a monarchy presided over by a just sovereign was a very edifying spectacle, and that even in republics, it must be admitted that corrupt men were sometimes found in office.

He seemed surprised, and proceeded to eulogize republican government. I continued my commendations of enlightened monarchies.

The conversation ran on in this way for half an hour, when he bade me adieu—but, as I flattered myself, without any game for his bag.

Home and Society

Although there is already much talk in the air of summer camps, and golf and tennis, I notice the social end of the game life continues to keep its end up.

On Monday, Mr. Oliver Hunt, Mr. Michaelson, and some of the younger bachelors gave a smart dance in the Blue Moon, in honor of Mlle. Dubuc, who left this week for her home in Winnipeg.

Very few girls have ever visited in town who have been more genuinely popular with everybody than this attractive young French girl, and the jolly little dance at the end of her visit was a graceful way her many admirers took of bidding her not farewell, but au revoir.

The guest of the evening looked charming in a lovely frock of green satin draped with a modish tunic.

Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Hestcott, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. McKinnery, were some of the young matrons invited to chaperone the affair, the remainder of the guests being composed of the younger set who have been prominent at this year's Assemblies.

I hear the music was splendid, and a dancing a dance with only a limited number of guests, that there was ample room to dance in.

Saturday was of course a gala day. Not in a blue moon do we have an Elsie Janis, and so infectiously merry and presentable a company.

Little dinners galore, with after-theatre suppers, were the order of the day. Mrs. J. D. Harrison entertaining at one of eight covers, in honor of Miss Frances Watson of Portage.

The table was beautifully done with yellow daffodils, and the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Tod Lane, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Jamieson, and Mr. Fred Robertson, all of whom went on with the Harrisons to "The Slim Princess." Such a turnout of well known people in their Sunday bests, the Empire hasn't seen, not even at "Green Stockings."

The Premier and Mrs. Sifton had a box party, and throughout the house I saw practically all the well-known people about town.

Everyone was delighted with the performance and indeed I do think we can, and will, support every good thing that comes this way.

Mrs. Arthur Archibald will receive on Monday for the last time this season.

Mr. G. R. H. Anderson of the Sandiman Cope Co. left on Saturday, over the G.T.P., to visit his sister in Montreal.

Mlle. Dubuc left on Wednesday night for her home in Winnipeg.

Madame Cote leaves Edmonton next Monday with her two little sons, to visit her parents, Prof. and Madame Gagnon, in Quebec. She will probably remain away for the summer months, as she is still far from strong after her recent illness.

Mrs. Swaisland and her little daughters, and Mrs. Sydney Woods, and her small family, leave on the 15th of this month for Bowen Island, where they will both occupy cottages for the summer.

Mrs. Harcourt leaves the same day for Victoria, where she and her children hope to spend a lovely summer on the sea-shore.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe and their family, and Mr. and Mrs. Lowe and their infant children, both left early in the week to spend the summer in England, going via Montreal.

I see Miss Forsythe back, looking very well after her visit down east.

Mrs. Ambrose Dickens is giving a Matinee Bridge this Friday afternoon.

The Humane Society are holding an important meeting this Friday evening in the Board of Trade rooms at eight o'clock, when everyone interested in the work is cordially invited to be present. Important business will be transacted at the meeting.

On Tuesday afternoon Sixth Street was a centre of interest, Major and Mrs. Saunders inviting a few friends to meet Prof. McEwen, who has been startling the Capital this week with his magic and sleight of hand at the Empire.

It was Mrs. Saunders' day at Home, and in addition to those specially invited, quite a number dropped in.

Mrs. Saunders was wearing an elaborate gown of white lace over tulle, Miss Marjorie was very sweet in one of the popular shot silk effects, with fascinating turquoise jewels, and Miss Beatrice was girlishly gowned in dove grey chiffon, over coral pink, with most becoming coral ornaments.

Among those who were mystified at the Prof's little knack of making the cards come and go as he would, were Mrs. Dickens, who brought her guest, Miss Frankie Watson, Mrs. Charlesworth, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. W. D. Ferris, Mrs. Wallace Macdonald, and Mrs. Turnbull.

Along the street, Mrs. Brunton and Miss Snowden at their Apartment in the Arlington, had a host of visitors while Mrs. J. D. Harrison, Mrs. Jack Anderson, and Mrs. Joseph Morris, were kept more than busy dispensing tea and greetings to veritable shoals of callers.

It was a heavenly day, Sixth street boasts any number of popular hostesses, and as it was the last time many of them will receive this season, 't was a record afternoon for the smart world paying their "revoirs."

Mr. E. W. Thomson, the poet philosopher, and newspaper correspondent, was the host of a jolly little dinner of four covers on Saturday, at the Corona, Mr. and Mrs. Balmer Watt and Mr. Townshend being his guests. The party later went on to see Elsie Janis at the Empire.

One of the merriest suppers after the theatre the same night was given by Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Jennings, whose hospitality has come to be proverbial. The table was exquisitely arranged with a great basket in vari-

colored roses, and Mrs. Jennings, assisted by a staff of her men guests, concocted the most wonderful dishes by the aid of two chafing dishes, and some tempting and seasonable delicacies.

Among those who enjoyed this very delightful party were Mr. and Mrs. Swaisland, Mr. and Mrs. Tod Lane and their guest, Miss Frankie Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mays, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mr. Frank Sommerville and Mr. Sheldon.

Mrs. Jennings wore a beautiful lace toilette, over Paddy Green satin, and looked chic and charming, as always.

Mr. C. Ross Palmer entertained Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Dickens, and Miss Watson, to a dinner at the Corona on Tuesday night, later taking his guests on to a box party to see Prof. McEwen.

I noticed the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Buley, and Premier and Mrs. Sifton with a party, in one of the boxes on Tuesday night to see the great and only Prof. McEwen.

Mrs. J. Cornwall, accompanied by her wee daughter, Peace, and her mother, Mrs. Tierney, of Vancouver, returned from a winter spent at California and the coast to Edmonton on Sunday.

I noticed by the Vancouver papers that Mrs. Cornwall had been the guest of honor at a host of pleasant parties during her visit to her old home.

The new junior reporter gave a touch of humor to an otherwise "bald and unconvincing" report of a local magnate's ball by concluding his observations with the following: "The guests went home and the neighbors went to sleep."

Among the events of the week was Mrs. Hugh Campbell's three table Bridge tea for her guest, Miss Helen Marshall of Calgary, on Friday last, when Mrs. Joseph Morris, and Mrs. Roy Douglas carried off the two attractive prizes. Mrs. Campbell looking very sweet in a mauve satin gown with an overdress of Flemish lace, and Miss Marshall a most attractive frock of shell pink satin, draped in white Brussels' net, embroidered in chrysanthemum and seed pearls. The house was fragrant with hints of crimson roses, while the tea table, where Mrs. Dickens and Mrs. Joseph Morris presided, was done in purple and gold, sweet peas and daffodils with purple table bows and yellow candles, carrying out the very effective color scheme. Assisting were Mrs. Garnet Morris, Miss Kathleen Pace, and Miss Grace Johnston.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schultz, the latter of whom has only recently arrived from London, England, are guests at the Corona.

Mr. George O'Connor and his sister, Miss Beatrice, are down east enjoying a visit among old friends.

Miss Carter of Newcastle, England, has arrived on a visit to her sister, Mrs. W. L. Wilkin, of 23rd street.

I read with a great deal of regret this week of the death in California of Major Constantine, latterly stationed at Prince Albert, Sask. For some time he has been very ill, never having rallied from an attack of typhoid fever contracted about a year ago. He was a fine example of an officer, and a gentleman as well. He was one of the oldest officers in the service of the Royal North West Mounted Police, and did a very large part in bringing new glory to add to its illustrious name.

Major and Mrs. Constantine had shoals of friends in Edmonton, and Alberta generally, and in her great loss, I am sure his widow will have no deeper sympathy than that which will go out to her from her old-time friends in the Capital.

The annual meeting of the Alberta Women's Association will be held in Athabasca Hall, south side, on Saturday, May 11th, at 3 p.m.

Mr. Jimmy Brennaid has gone to the Coast on a business trip.

Mrs. Day, of Second street, was the hostess of a most enjoyable five table Bridge for her young daughters on Monday night, Miss Ruth Harvey and Mr. W. A. Starke carrying off the honors, a pretty silver photo frame, and hand-pierced brass box.

Mr. Day received in handsome King's blue satin, with a tunic of heavy black lace, while Miss Day wore white satin with shimmering silver garnitures, and Miss Ina, her younger sister, a girlish frock of shell-pink satin.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkin have had quite a house-party this week of English friends, who are going to take up ranching near the Fort.

Miss Watson, of Portage, was the bright particular reason of a smart Bridge of five tables, given by her hostess, Mrs. Ambrose Dickens on Tuesday night.

It was a young people's affair, the guests being all of the unmarried set, and I suppose so long as you are unmarried, you are perennially youthful.

Miss Phyllis Barnes and Mr. Reid were the lucky top-scorers, taking home two dainty souvenirs as a reward.

Mrs. Dickens received her guests in a most becoming gown of blue and white silk, trimmed with some handsome lace, while Miss Watson looked charming in yellow charmeuse satin, with touches of violet velvet on the skirt and bodice, and a lovely little fishu of Brussels net on the décolleté. In her dark hair she wore a bandeau of brilliants, caught with a sweeping white spray.

Mrs. Knight of 8th street, was the hostess of a bright luncheon party on Thursday.

Mrs. R. H. Ross, No. 46 the Arlington Apartments, will not receive again this season.

As I think of it, Sunday is "Mother's Day." It is a dear idea this of honoring mothers, both among the living, and those who have gone a bit before. Honor yours

(Continued on Page Eight.)



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In the May American Magazine, Hugh S. Fullerton writes an article full of interesting stories of freak plays that have won great baseball games. Following is one of the most remarkable stories:

"Among the abnormal incidents that figured in the earlier history of the national game, perhaps none is as well known to old timers as the one which happened to Cliff Carroll, on the St. Louis grounds, when he was a member of the famous 'Browns.' Perhaps you have wondered why baseball players have plain shirt fronts, and why so few players have breast pockets. Cliff Carroll is the reason. He was running forward to take a base hit in the first round. The ball bounced, crooked and hit him in the chest. He grabbed at the ball hastily, and, as he clutched it, he shoved it down into the handkerchief pocket on his shirt front. The runner saw Carroll tugging and straining to tear the ball out of the pocket and instead of stopping at first he sprinted onto second while Carroll, still trying to dislodge the ball, ran to second. The batter passed the fielder and turned for third with Carroll in pursuit. At third Carroll stopped and tried in vain to release the ball, and the runner kept on across the plate and scored the winning run. Chris von der Ahe, who at that time was at the head of the euphonic trio, Von der Ahe, Muckenfuss and Diddlebock, which operated the club, was furious and ordered all pockets removed from baseball shirts. Other teams followed and the pockets never have been restored, except by a few players who are willing to risk the reputation of the accident."

We are indebted to Connie Mack, who ought to be a good enough authority, for the derivation of the word "fan" as applied to baseball. It is simply a clipped form of the word "fanatic."

The following letter from the much-discussed W. J. Fitzgerald has been received by Con Jones, the manager of the Vancouver lacrosse team:

St. Catharines, April 23.
Mr. Con Jones, 1216 Olson street, Vancouver, B.C.
Dear Sir,—I regret to inform you of the decision I have come to in regards to playing in the East this summer, and I don't suppose you will accept my apology in the matter, but however place yourself in the same position that I am. My home is in the east and like every one else it is near and dear to me and I had a chance to stay here so I took it. I realize that I have not played fair with you and therefore I wish to apologize as I am really sorry for what I have done and I sincerely hope that you will look in this matter the same light as I do.

When I received the proposition that made me change my mind my people urged me to take it and stay home, and after a long consideration I decided to stay East. I have returned everything which you forwarded me and sincerely hope you will find them O.K. I don't suppose I have still a right to expect you will still be a friend of mine but however I sincerely hope for the best.

I remain,
WM. J. FITZGERALD.
The whole incident has been a disgraceful one. There is all the cold-bloodedness of professional sport about Canadian lacrosse without the business regulation that is to be found in baseball. If a change isn't made, in one direction or the other, the game must be soon killed altogether.

The Alberta baseball season opened on Wednesday with the usual ceremonies. In Edmonton two well known pitchers of other years were on the slab, Heinrich, formerly of Brandon, officiated for Edmonton and proved so much the better man than our old friend Dickenson, who was in a Red Deer uniform that the local team won quite handsily by 10-3. In Calgary the home team won from Bassano by 8-4.

On Thursday the four were again put on even terms, Red Deer edging out a 10-9 victory from Edmonton, Bassano winning easily from Calgary by 10-3.

So far as it is possible to size things up at this stage, the quality of baseball should be of a first class description, while the different teams will be fairly evenly matched.

In the big leagues, the outstanding feature up to the present is the consistent work being done by the Chicago White Sox. They are leading the American by a large margin, while New York and Cincinnati are fighting for first in the National, with the next teams about two hundred behind in the percentage tables. St. Louis, which, on the strength of last year's showing, was picked by many to come up strong in this year's first division, is last at the time of writing. But this early in the season, the first can soon become last and the last first.

Cricketers begin to take an interest in the sporting page once more with the opening of the games in England. It is to be a great season there with both Australia and South Africa in the country. The defeat of the former by Nottingham does not give much hope for the Test matches. South Africa beat Derbyshire, one of the weaker counties.

With so much interest aroused in this year's cricket, it would be a good thing if the daily papers in Canada could arrange to have the cables give fuller particulars of the different matches. Something more than the total scores is desirable. We should like to know who made the big individual scores. This week it was called that the All England eleven had beaten the rest of England. This match was played merely to help the selection committee in connection with the triangular tests. The score

made by the two teams is of no concern. What we would like to know is what players distinguished themselves.

The vice-captain's eleven won from that of the captain at the Edmonton grounds on Saturday. Jervis, 37, Petch, 30, and Harrison, 25, contributed most of the winner's score of 116, while Dickens, 27, Dixon, 27, Hardisty, 15, and Gamble, 10, were the men to get into double figures for the losers who totalled 91.

The parks commission has taken up the question of playgrounds in such a way as to make one believe that something will really be done. Such as, are available should be put into shape without delay and arrangements as to the time that the different clubs are to use them come to.

The crowd that turned out at Diamond Park when the St. George's soccer team beat the Callies, after an exciting game by a score of one to nothing shows that this branch of sport is losing none of its popularity in the day.

—COVER POINT.

THE STAGE HISTORY OF MAY ROBSON.

Her first appearance as an actress was in "The Hoop of Gold," produced by the Mallorys at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. From there she went to the Lyceum Theatre under the management of Daniel Frohman and finally with Charles Frohman, whose management she was under for many seasons, and always in the line of character parts.

Miss Robson's success has been won entirely by original character roles. She stands out alone among all the pretty women of the professional world as having entirely submerged her own attractiveness in a deluge of lines and grease-paint and being content to win recognition by grotesqueness, eccentricity, ugliness, even deformity. She started as a slavey, and the public has never seen exactly the brand of slavey which she presents. Yet with one accord people acknowledged that May Robson's slavey was absolutely true to life. So has every slavey been true that she has played since. Without giving the typical slavey as the individual is most known, Miss Robson has always succeeded in depicting a slavey, whether white or colored, Yankee, Cockney, Swedish, German or Irish, for whom everyone could call to mind a real prototype.

So it has been with all her other characters. Fidelity to real life has sounded the key note in every one of them, whether queen or slavey, merely funny or frightfully grotesque. It is to be doubted whether any one actress has in the same length of time slipped in and out of a more varied and alarming conglomeration of clothes. From rags to cloth of gold and gleaming jewels, May Robson has worn them all, and invented combinations of styles and periods and colors which would send a modiste a raving maniac to a padded cell.

Miss Robson does not blush when she admits the fact that she was for eighteen years under the management of Charles Frohman. During that time she appeared in a long line of parts in the Frohman successes that ranged in character from Ingenues to grande dames. "I tried to count the other day," said Miss Robson, "just how many different roles I have played for Mr. Frohman. I got up to eighty-four when I stopped, because I could not think of any more; but there are others of the Empire Stock Company." Miss Robson was the comedienne of that organization and was cast for all the feminine comedy characters.

Her greatest hits have been made in slavey parts, one of the most notable being that of Emma in "Gloriana" and a similar one in "Nerves." She also had a congenial role in "Lady Bountiful," Liberty Bell, "Lord and Lady Algy," "His Excellency the Governor," "Bohemia," and other productions without number, and has appeared as well in several of Charles Frohman's musical comedies.

Miss Robson opens a three nights engagement at the Empire Theatre commencing Thursday, May 16.

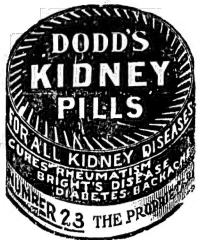
A good story is told about a West country minister and is headle, showing the familiarity that used to exist between the minister and his man. The minister and John had got into an argument, and it became so hot that John was like to lose his temper. The minister naturally tried to throw oil on the troubled waters.

"Man, John," he said, "it's a good thing we are not all of one mind. For example, had everybody been of my mind everybody would have been wanting my good wife Janet."

"Very true," replied John, a little surlily, "for if everybody had been in the same mind as me nobody would have taken her. She may make a good enough minister's wife, but she would have made a purr slow asside my Jean!"



THE MAN OF THE HOUR IN BRITAIN
The Irish Nationalist leader, John Redmond, as a cartoonist sees him.



THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA

Of the Gaekwar of Baroda a great deal has been heard during the last few months. A rather unpleasant conception of his highness's personality has been impressed upon the public mind by recent events. If that impression is not only modified, but entirely removed by the volume published by Hutchinson & Company, entitled "A Year with the Gaekwar of Baroda," it will not be the fault of the author, the Rev. Edward St. Clair Weeden, "sometimes minor canon of Chester Cathedral and vicar of Canonfron." As he tells us in a preface, he has for nearly twenty years enjoyed the intimate friendship of the Maharaja, and has travelled with him through most of the countries of Europe.

Some time in the last decade (not more definitely mentioned) Mr. Weeden spent a whole year as the guest of his highness, and had, as he tells us, "the time of my life." He expresses the fear that he may be accused of drawing too flattering a portrait of his host. That is possible, for Mr. Weeden writes as a courtier, and when he expresses himself in this way it is difficult to take him quite seriously.

"One of the most striking things about the Maharaja is the extraordinary influence which he exercises on those around him; he is the sun round which they all revolve; when he is in good health and spirits every one is gay and happy, when he is anxious and depressed a general feeling of depression prevails, and when he is ill the light of the brightest day seems clouded, and we all go about with long faces and hushed voices. Luckily, he generally enjoys good health, but a serious illness some years ago has left him subject to occasional attacks of feverish disorder."

But the book, although it may err somewhat on the side of hyperbole where the personality of the Maharaja is concerned, abounds in bright and interesting descriptions of Indian life and scenes. The magnificence with which the Gaekwar, the ruler of two millions of men, and with a fabulous revenue at his disposal, is surrounded lends itself to description. The numerous palaces which the Maharaja owns are treated with ample justice by the author. Of their domestic arrangements we get some intimate glimpses.

His French Cook.

"The food is excellent, and is sent up every day by the principal caterer in Bombay. The two chief meals of the day—breakfast at 11 and dinner at 8.30—which I always have with the Maharaja, are very much what you would get at a first-class restaurant in London—Prince or the Café. They are prepared by a French cook and served under the experienced eye of an English maître d'hôtel, Mr. Pluck, a very imposing person, in a fine dark blue coat, with a ribbon in his buttonhole, who was butler to Lord Amphil when he was Governor of Madras. I was rather frightened of him at first, but he has now set me at ease, and generally makes a point of pouring me out a glass of water, bringing me the mustard, or showing me some other little attention. When there are English guests there are the usual kinds of drinks, but when we are alone we all drink water, which is very good and kept beautifully cool in silver flagons. The Maharaja never drinks anything but water, and only one glass of that half an hour after each meal, as he does not want to grow stout, most Indians being inclined to run to fat. He uses tea and coffee very sparingly, and does not smoke more than ten or twelve cigarettes a week."

Silver in this happy principality is no more accounted than it was in the days of Solomon. Everything that we are accustomed to see here made of wood and china, such as chairs, tables, beds, water jugs, and so on, are in Baroda fashioned of gold and silver, and in the midst of all this splendor, we are told, the centre and object of all this wealth and luxury, there sits the homely figure of the

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

The Doctor

Sir L. S. Jameson's Work For The Empire.

Of course we knew it was coming. He said, when he went back to South Africa three months ago, that he could not be Unionist leader much longer. It was clear that he had made up his mind. But his retirement has been talked of so long that we were like the villagers who grew accustomed to hearing "Wolf, wolf!" Then suddenly a telegram says:

"Today Sir Starr Jameson will resign his position in South African politics."

Today, therefore, a chapter in South African politics is ended, a new chapter begins.

Of course, his health is at the back of his decision. But something else has weighed with him too. He tried to save South Africa from party politics. He has never been a politician. He is a statesman. He saw, with his statesmanlike grasp of her difficulties, that South Africa after Union needed a period of quiet growth, undisturbed by the squabbles of partisans. He tried to give her this quiet time.

He offered to serve in a coalition Ministry under General Botha. The Dutch irreconcilables would have no coalition. "To the victors the spoils" was their cry. Yet "The Doctor" was not piqued or disheartened. He is much too big a man for that. He gave General Botha all the help he could. How much the Premier owes to him will not be known yet. It will be known some day.

Whenever it was necessary to make a stand, as on the Language Question, he was resolute. But he took a wider view of the situation than is summed up in the cheap phrase that it is the duty of an Opposition to oppose. He had no personal ambition whatever. Politics could offer him nothing. If he had followed his own inclination he would have given the whole business up. He was never well, seldom free from pain and lassitude. He could only keep his place in the fighting line by regularly visiting Carlsbad.

A Patriotic Sacrifice.

For the publicity of political life he had no taste. He was unmarried, so there was nothing in the way of

In spite of his one immortal blunder he will rank as one of South Africa's foremost men.

He has such a kindly, modest, unassuming personality that it takes one some little time to discover where the force of his character lies. As he lounges on the sunny stoop of his pleasant house in Rondebosch (near Cape-town), talking lazily of this and that, chaffing pretty women, chatting casually with all sorts and conditions of guests, people often wonder where is the man of action, the determined fighter, the leader of men.

A Companionable Man.

One soon learns that these are his off moments. He is in mental distress. Call him to business, put plans before him, and his glance brightens, his jaw stiffens. His words are weighed, his attitude watchful. The statesman, the man of affairs, is unmistakable now.

Yet even now there is a complete absence of fussiness or self-importance. "Dr. Jim" is a man without "frills." His manner is most engaging, but not at all impressive. He is not what they call in the United States a "handshaker." There is no trace of gush in his character. Yet by imperceptible means he makes everyone feel at ease.

At big dinner parties there is sometimes a shade of boredom on his humorously tired features. But when there are only a few guests, mostly close friends, with a stranger from home perhaps, someone before whom talk can flow freely, then he is the most delightful of hosts. He likes to encourage conversation, playfully egging on the holders of opposite views to conflict. Then some topic will catch his interest, and he will talk, always quietly and with humor, never in an overbearing, egotistic vein, talk with the wide knowledge that can be gained only by experience; with the wisdom won by waiting; with the genial tolerance bred of a sweet nature, slyly only on the surface, sound at core.

He is not much of an orator in public, but his speeches are attractive in their easy colloquialism. There are no tricks or tags in them. You feel, "Here is a man who is speaking because he has something to say. He is saying it frankly, honestly, plainly. When he has said it he will sit down." And he always does.

Rhodesia is the country nearest to his heart. The last time I saw him in Capetown I was just starting for Bulawayo. "I only wish I were," he said. I queried, "Some



M. Jules Contant, member of the French House of Deputies, and Mayor of the city of Ivry, France, has established a municipal industrial school for apprentices, which is attracting much attention abroad. This picture shows the founder working at the forge in his school.

American Press Service.

titles to attract him (although he did accept one pour encourager les autres, that is, the Dutch). Office meant nothing to him but a wearisome grind. Why did he stay in politics, then? Simply because—though he would never have phrased it so himself—he felt he had a mission. He felt that he could do for the Union what only in the power of no other man. He believed he might be able to save South Africa from the evils, especially dangerous to a young nation, of the party system.

Well, he has done for the Union what no other man could have done these last two years. But he has not succeeded in his statesmanlike plan. The Dutch irreconcilables, the Back-Veld-ers, are too obstinately short-sighted. His dream that the best men on both sides might work together to "lay great bases for eternity" has not been realized. The Dutch Nationalists have plumped for party. The British and Dutch Unionist are forced to play the party game.

For that game "The Doctor" has no liking. He detests it; indeed other men can play it better than he. They are not hampered, as he is, by a statesman's mind. So he slips out and leaves others to hammer the Government with all the weapons in the party rack. Soundly they will do it. Not only General Botha, but the irreconcilables also will have a far harder time with the Opposition in full cry against them. But one cannot regret "The Doctor's" absence from the fray. It is a melancholy comment upon the too-hopeful assumption in England that after Union all racial differences would disappear. It would be even sadder if the man who strove so hard to banish them were now to be seen stirring them up.

Those who knew him best knew this could never be. He has, like his friend and master, Rhodes, the vision of the pioneer. He sees South Africa as it will be some day, purged of racial divisions. He was too eager to hasten the process of purgation. Perhaps—who knows?—the country he loves so well may yet ask him to do work worthy of him. Rest and freedom may restore his health. There may be a third chapter in the story of his work for the Empire to add to those which tell of the founding of Rhodesia and the paving of the way for Union. In any case he will leave a name in history

day?" and he answered, "Perhaps." That, I believe, is his hope—to go and live where his best work was done. He is coming to Europe first; no doubt to Carlsbad. After that, we shall see. The first thing is to recover health. At the call of duty he spent it by staying in politics. He sacrificed to patriotism his comfort, his longing for quiet. If he had not had this opportunity to retire, he would have sacrificed his life. Cheerfully, as a matter of course, without a grumble. That is "Dr. Jim"—London Daily Mail.

THE FOSTER-MOTHER

Sleep little one! Again I feel the thrill
A babe's soft hand can in my breast awaken.
Hide in my bosom, thou art not forsaken;
Sleep, little one! thou hast a mother still.

My lips I press to thy sweet brow anew;
Sleep, little one! I am thy mother, too.

Mine to protect, to cherish, and to rear;
Why should the baby hand, the flaxen hair,
Set me a-dreaming of a bygone care,
And make a far-off sorrow seem so near?

Wake, little one! Too much am I beguiled,
Too near, too close, the little hands are wrestling,
Too soft, too warm, the little head is nestling,
For I am not thy mother, O my child!

Wake, little one! Thy mouth too sweetly smiled
For I am not thy mother, O my child!

Yet do not wake—sleep on—full well I know
God, in my maternal love renewing,
Intendeth not for my poor heart's un'going,
Nor builds again a joy to lay it low

Sleep, little one! 'Tis sweet to feel the thrill
A babe's soft hand can in my breast awaken
Hide in my bosom, thou art not forsaken;
Sleep, little one! I am thy mother still.

—Edwin H. Keen, in the Outlook

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Music and Drama

Winnipeg Town Topics has this to say on a familiar topic:

A national anthem for this country that will satisfy all the critics is seemingly as far from attainment as ever.

"The Maple Leaf Forever" is found fault with for being stodgy and uninspired; and "O, Canada," for being too "artistic."

Something between the two might please the critics—and, then, it probably wouldn't.

While it is true that "The Maple Leaf Forever" is not good poetry, the same thing may be said of other national songs. "Rule Britannia" is not nearly as good poetry as "Ye Mariners of England."

When the words are good it frequently happens that they are not known or sung.

Julia Ward Howe wrote a fine poem to the tune of "John Brown's Body"; but people do not sing it. They prefer the simple statement of fact that John Brown's body has undergone the usual process of interment, while his soul is marching on.

"The British Grenadiers" is an assertion of the superiority of gunpowder over the more ancient forms of ammunition, together with a request to present the Grenadiers with a row, row, row, row, row; the first idea being commonplace, and the second obscure.

The fact is the people are not critical about the words.

The band does most of the work.

The singers are satisfied with any words or sounds than can be easily remembered and articulated.

The words are merely strings, on which the singer hangs his own sentiments.

The music of "The Maple Leaf Forever" is not much better than the words; but it is more easily sung by the plain, ordinary person than the more beautiful music of "O Canada."

Is this correct? I doubt it. It takes time to secure the adoption of a national anthem and I believe that Canadians will work up to a proper appreciation of "O Canada." The only way to do is to introduce it on all possible occasions so as to familiarize people with it. And the words do count for something. The two versions that are used now are far from satisfactory. If something better cannot be obtained, there should be an agreement on one of them.

The reference to "John Brown's Body" is not very apt. I don't know anything of Julia Ward Howe's words but I cannot imagine anything more inspiring than the simple statement that though John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, his soul goes marching on. As the anthem of a great cause, it is in a class by itself.

The dramatic critic of London Truth, whose pungent comment on current plays I have often reproduced in this department, has this to say in the course of his notice of "Proud Maizie," in which Miss Alexandra Carlisle is now appearing in London. The despatches the other day told how Miss Carlisle had thrown the play out temporarily by actually inflicting a serious wound on Mr. Henry Ainley in the duel scene. Truth says:

"As for the play itself, would you be surprised to hear that it deals with the love of Proud Maizie, who is devoted to the Stuart cause, for Young Lochvar, who is a Hanoverian? Maizie's father, the Earl of Pitcair, is a 'wobler,' who wants to shout with the winning side, but his daughter and his son Guy are whole-hearted Stuarts, and when Lochvar's Hanoverian proclivities are discovered at Castle Pitcair there is a challenge to a duel to the death between the two young men. The Earl forbids his son to fight, and takes measures to ensure that he shall not, whereupon Maizie, who is an accomplished swordswoman, and is very fond of masquerading in male attire (by which I mean that, for a woman, most unbecoming costume of kilt, bare knees, stockings, and the rest), succeeds in slipping out of the castle, and meets her lover, Lochvar, to fight him in her brother's stead. Assuming that a young woman much in love with a young man would seek to kill him, or force him to kill her, which I think vastly improbable, can you conceive that Lochvar would not know that it was for a girl, and the girl he loves, and not her brother with whom he is fighting? I cannot. The time has gone by for such daring theatrical assaults on one's credulity. I know people will murmur Shakespeare, but it is very dangerous to quote precedents established by genius, and nothing in the world would make me believe that Mr. Henry-Ainley-Lochvar could fight with and kill Miss Alexandra-Carlisle-Maizie-Pitcair without any suspicion until her death that she is not Mr. Leon-Quaternaine-Guy-Pitcair. He is a poor lover who cannot tell the difference between his love and her brother, however marked the family resemblance and however much sporadic and kilt may help the illusion. When Lochvar does discover the mistake he kills himself, and there you have a most unsatisfactory and tragic ending to a very unsatisfactory drama."

It gives expression to what has often been in the minds of many theatregoers. Whoever saw "Twelfth Night" and did not feel that there was something very strained about the idea that Viola and Sebastian could be mistaken for one another. The only satisfactory way in which to carry out the mistaken identity scheme is for one person to play the two roles. Mr. Reeves-Smith, who was with us the other day as Margaret Anglin's leading man, did this admirably in "A Brace of Partidges," as did Mr. Sothern and others who have played "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The Calgary Albertan notes editorially that Margaret Anglin played to better business in Edmonton than she did in Calgary, despite the larger theatre in the latter city. It says:

"The public does not seem to patronize the better plays as well as they should, and it is reported that the house may be turned over to vaudeville of the cheap kind, which would be little short of a calamity as far as Calgary is concerned as a theatrical town. The public is not altogether to blame. The management may be good enough, but its ways are different from those which prevail in most cities. It flaunts an ugly billboard of faces of protesting patrons every night, which



A TAFFETA SMOCK.

The combination of taffeta with lingerie materials at the Spring Openings has been very marked. Most of the lingerie frocks have been accompanied by taffeta coats, wraps or tunics and this little smock, or "chemise" of green taffeta shot with cream, is part of a Margarine Lacroix frock of cream voile. A black velvet hem and rows of black buttons make the voile very smart, and the shimmering green silk smock dropped over it is especially effective. With this costume are worn white Buckskin boots with buttoned tops and high Spanish heels.

causes a loss of sympathy on the part of the public. It has a poor and unbusinesslike way of announcing its plays to the public. For instance, there is a commonplace performance during the first of the week and two excellent performances during the latter part of the week. The management makes no difference in its announcements, and the public, which is not composed entirely of theatrical authorities, is frequently deceived."

The Vermilion Amateur Dramatic Club made a successful presentation of "What Happened to Jones," in Wainwright the other night.

The following is from Musical America: "Lissant Beardmore, the famous Canadian tenor, known in the operatic world as Lissant, arrived in this country last week for a short visit with his relatives and friends in Toronto. Lissant has been in Europe now for three years, and his rise in the operatic world has been hardly short of phenomenal. Just before leaving Berlin he was engaged by Max Martens to sing at the opera in Leipzig, and will make his first appearance there in 'Lohengrin' in the middle of May. Two years ago Lissant sang with marked success at the opera in Bremen, and has since won distinction in other German cities."

There was but one thing to regret about Elsie Janis' visit to Edmonton in "The Slim Princess" and that was its brevity. For her to come such a distance for one night was tantalizing to those who couldn't secure seats and didn't look good business. The Empire was absolutely crowded to capacity with a most delighted audience.

The young operatic star was all that her advance notices had claimed. Though suffering from a severe cold, she sang and danced herself into the hearts of everyone in the house, and the memory of her sprightliness and her charm will not soon be effaced.

The company was excellent throughout. Mr. Cawthorp as Schloppy was as amusing a figure as ever gambled on the local boards. Mr. Stevenson, the American lover of the princess, sang with an ease and acted with an abandon which made it far from difficult to understand the speedy impression which he made. Something unusual in a comic opera Lothario. The chorus was large and well-trained and the setting all that could be desired.

ALBERTA MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Next week will see a stir in Edmonton. Not a real estate boom, but a music boom, and the cause will be the Fifth Alberta Musical Festival Competition which will be carried on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, in the auditorium of the Old First Presbyterian church, corner of Jasper avenue and Third street.

The judges are of first rank: Dr. H. C. Perrin, who is making his annual examination tour of the west in the interest of McGill University, and Mr. Rhyas Thomas, another man whose name is very well known to all musicians in Canada. Mr. Thomas is an old friend to the patrons of the Festival Competition, as this will be his fourth appearance among us. His judgments have been wise and his grasp of each subject under consideration has been comprehensive. With Dr. Perrin, of whom one said last year: "He is peerless as an adjudicator; unerring, tactful and scholarly in his summing up," and Mr. Thomas working together, a treat is in store for those who attend the competition.

Entries are still coming in. The choir competitions will be particularly good. From this city, the following choirs are competing: McDougall Methodist, All Saints,

First Presbyterian, Robertson Presbyterian, Christ Church, St. Paul's (Anglican), and First Baptist.

A competition that will be of special interest is the school choruses, and especially the boy and girl soloists. Last year, these classes were well represented and some fine work was done by the juveniles of Edmonton.

A word may well be spoken right here with regard to the Executive Committee. Someone has accused them of being self-centred in some respects; of not enlarging their circle sufficiently to take in all the musicians of the city. The committee as it stands today is composed of all those who have done and are doing hard work and good work in the musical life of Edmonton and other cities; also of business men who are willing to sacrifice time and energy in helping out this institution which already has proven such an uplift, educationally, to Edmonton. From time to time, new members are added and no one is excluded who is willing to help in advancing this cause.

The Festival Committee is indebted to many public spirited citizens for the donation of medals, of which eleven gold and twenty-one silver, are required for the successful competitors in the various classes. At the closing concert, the chorus and orchestra will render "The Revenge," by Stanford. The winning solo competitors and choirs, men's and women's choruses and quartettes will make up the programmes.

At the final concert the presentation of medals and shields will be made by Lt. Governor Bulyea. The quarterly board of the McDougall Methodist Church has kindly granted the use of the auditorium for this purpose.

FIRST-NIGHTER.

THE OLD COURTHOUSE

"Ye'll no mend a broken nest by dabbin' at it."—Scottish proverb.

Hard by the mighty "Forks," on sandy bluff,
An ancient Castle meets the astonished view,
Where Justice holdeth mortals by the scruff
Of their uneasy necks. There caltiff chew
The bitter cud of knowledge come too late
And on the wrong side of Justitia's gate.

And in the rear of this forensic Hall,
A grim and dubious Cavern doth abide
Within whose aged and repellent wall
Bolts, bars, and shackles mock at and deride
The human thirst for freedom. Piteous sight
Where even the raiment may be termed a "fright."

The humble turnips and the sober oat
Do not revive the spirit sadly tried—
Man is a man, and not a billy-goat,
Wherever ancient statute may provide.
High cost of Living! Lo, the Gubernator
Hath solved the same by aid of "cold pertator."

In days of yore the quaking neophyte,
From Bayly's school hath clomb the ancient stair,
Seen the Judicial Head-Piece, reverend sight,
And breathed with him the thick and stuffy air;
Marking with chalky cheek the appointed Pound
Where stands the Malefactor's cuffed and bound.

He hears the Constable, with nasal wheeze,
Be-summum Silence to the solemn scene—
The boy's teeth rattle and his quivering knees
Are shaken by the Law's Majestic Mien—
Enriched with reminiscences of snuff,
And fine old port and other fragrant stuff.

Now comes the Great One—Royal Counsel light—
Lo, on his arm a crimson Bag he bears;
To some he nods in condescension light—
Some he transfixes with his stoniest stares,
Then rubs his lenses to peruse the sheaf
Of mighty folios—Lawyers call a Brief.

And now the humble Witness, scant of speech,
Is set on high to show himself an Ass,
Being cross-examined by a cruel Leech,
Like insect under magnifying glass.
In vain he mops his brow, Reason hath flown
And all his friends and kinsfolk him disown.

Ay, what 'wilt-combats (as Ben Jonson said)
This Packing-case, yclept a Court, hath seen
When they (now lying with the honoured Dead),
Like nimble fencers flashed their weapons keen,
When the perspiring crowd admired and wondered
As forked lightnings flew and Giants thunder'd.

But, when the Judge assumed the FATAL CAP
When every Javelin man had ceased his cry,
And the High Constable with solemn rap
Bade conversation cease, no human eye
Could gaze unmoved on Culprit shorn of bills
And face to face with soulless Nemesis.

Old Tower of London dim and awful tales
Are in the keeping of thy time-worn walls—
Of bloody deeds, of women's hopeless walls,
Of Passion's rage, and Human Nature's falls;
Unchanging Record of the vanished years;
A silent Cenotaph of mortal tears.

CROSSKEYS

WHO WILL SUCCEED HAYS?

Three men are mentioned as having a chance to succeed the late Charles M. Hays as president of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways—Mr. E. H. Fitzhugh, first vice-president of the G.T.P.; Mr. E. J. Chamberlin, vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and Mr. F. H. McGuigan, formerly one of Mr. Hays' right hand men on the G. T. R. All three, like their great chief who went down on the Titanic, are natives of the United States.

The best guess for the position is Earl Hopkins Fitzhugh, who stood next to Mr. Hays and who had followed his chief through most of his career. Mr. Fitzhugh was born in Missouri in 1853, started out as a banker, and then entered the service of the St. Louis, Kansas City, and Northern Railway as a clerk. When that road was absorbed by the Wabash he made the acquaintance of Mr. Hays, and when Hays went to the Grand Trunk he soon sent for Mr. Fitzhugh. The latter came to Toronto as superintendent of the middle division of the G.T.R., and won rapid promotion. He was one of the men brought in by Mr. Hays to galvanize the old road into action, and he helped a whole lot.

Fitzhugh Right-Hand Man.

When Mr. Hays left the G.T.R. to become president

of the Southern Pacific he took Fitzhugh with him, and brought him back when he returned to the G.T.R. in February, 1902. In 1904 Mr. Fitzhugh became third vice-president of the G.T.R., and in 1910, first vice-president. Last year he was made president of the Southern and New England Railway, a subsidiary company. Mr. Fitzhugh looks like a Southerner. He talks very little, does not seek publicity, and is considered a business man of the deliberate and rather conservative type; a quiet, steady, persistent worker; a careful listener, so to speak. For some time all departments of the Grand Trunk have reported to Mr. Fitzhugh.

Mr. Edson J. Chamberlin, who succeeded Mr. Frank W. Morse as vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific three years ago, and who is also a possible successor to the presidency of the two G. T. roads, is somewhat older than Mr. Fitzhugh. He is a native of New Hampshire, and received his training in the United States. He was general manager of the Canada Atlantic when that road passed into the hands of the Grand Trunk. He has lived in Canada since 1886, and is an able, all-round railway man.

McGuigan Well Known.

Mr. McGuigan, whose name is mentioned in connection with the big appointment, is better known to the public than either Mr. Fitzhugh or Mr. Chamberlin, because of his rather picturesque qualities. He came up from the ranks, and he is the sort of man about whom many stories are told. It is said he called J. H. Hill a liar on the occasion of his rupture with that magnate when he left the Great Northern, after a very brief stay in St. Paul, after he severed his connection with the G.T.R. It is also said that he applied the same epithet personally to an Ontario Cabinet Minister in connection with the construction of the Hydro-Electric line, which he recently built.

Mr. McGuigan's success and the fact that he is looked upon as big enough to fill Mr. Hays' position may be traced to his persistence when young of always fitting himself for a better job than he held. One day when he was a boy carrying water on the Great Western down near St. Thomas there was talk of a strike. An engineer laughingly said to him:

"You'll lose your job, son, if the men go out."
"Oh, I guess not," said young McGuigan, "probably I'll get your job."

"What do you mean?" asked the engineer.

"Why, I'll drive your engine," was the reply.

"What do you know about the engine?" said the driver, "go ahead and show me."

Whereupon McGuigan, the water boy, took hold and ran the locomotive! He had kept his eyes open and found out all about it.—Toronto Star.

"I dream not of annexation not of independence, but of a Greater Britain encircling the globe with her fleets of commerce." So said E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., of Toronto, when addressing the Canadian Club of Toronto. His theme was "Ontario," and he went on to say, "I see Ontario a leading factor in the council of the world. I see her the home of peace, progress and plenty; and looking down the Avenue of Time, I see the great fabric of an Imperial Federation with our Province in the forefront of all that makes for national greatness and the higher and purer life of a great country."

Of the future he painted a glowing picture. He spoke of the great clay belt and the development that was to send a new tide of prosperity through older Ontario, and ended upon the great undertakings that lay before the Province. His closing sentences were an appeal to the members to unite in bringing about the realization of the great things that made up the dreams of to-day.



A FROCK WITH FLOUNCES.

Though this lingerie frock suggests flounces, the skirt really hangs in very straight lines. Embroidered flouncings are lapped, one over the other, a little gathering being introduced at the back only, and the upper flounce is tucked over the hips. When three flounces of embroidery do not make the skirt long enough, an insertion and hem of plain material may be added, as indicated here. The use of the deep embroidered flouncings in bertha effect on the bodice is also very modish. This frock is accompanied by a quaint bonnet of straw and lace and by a fitted taffeta parasol in petunia pink color. The white gloves have faint pink embroideries on the wrist.



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JASPER'S NOTE BOOK.

(Continued from Page One.)

Winnipeg Town Topics entitled "A Woman About Town" makes this contribution to the subject:

"It chanced that I was in Fort William the day of the wreck, and for a week afterwards, and was very much struck with the attitude and sentiments of many of the lake captains and engineers. Very many of these men are familiar with the Atlantic and all of them are familiar with Lake Superior in the late autumn, when many perils are encountered through ice and severe and blinding storms. I noted that not one of these men said: 'I would have done so and so.' Many of them said to self assertive landman 'it's pretty hard to say what you would do under such circumstances.' No one of them spoke harshly of Captain Smith, though none of them appeared to be able to understand why a better lookout had not been kept. Many of them agreed with Shackleton that the best place to see ice was from the deck. Every man of them was convinced that Captain Smith had had secret orders to rush the ship and make a new record. They shook their heads over Mr. Ismay's declaration that no such orders had been given and more than one declared that plenty of orders were given that never appeared in writing and 'dead men tell no tales.' Few of them appeared to blame Ismay for making his escape, but they were brief and very emphatic in their condemnation of his determination to put every atom of blame on Captain Smith and with scorn they asked why Captain Smith should have shown Ismay the message about the ice if he were a passenger, no wit different to other passengers.

"Finally there were many hopes expressed that the inquiry would eventually be extended to lake navigation as well as ocean, the men declaring emphatically that as great, if not greater, risks were run on the lakes every week of open water throughout the season."

THE GLADIATOR.

Everyone loves to listen to deeds of daring and skill and all wish to see such deeds enacted. The more dangerous they are, the more interesting and attractive they become. Thousands of men will sit for hours in a close and stuffy building to see two men, trained and toughened for their work, endeavor to pound each other into insensibility with padded gloves. Every year hundreds of thousands of the best young blood of our country throng to the amphitheatre to see their college favorites struggle for football supremacy, and no one chafes at the battered and victorious heroes more enthusiastically than the ethereal looking society girl whom one would think would be more interested in music, birds, or flowers, than in fierce physical struggle where human life and limb are at stake.

This shows that the love of struggle, the love of contest and combat "springs eternal in the human breast." If in our day of effete civilization we love to see men fight, how much more intense, how much more fierce the interest must have been in the terrible gladiatorial contests during the time of ancient Rome! There it was not a thickly padded glove and officers of the law standing near to see that no harm was done, but instead it was the sharp and deadly Roman sword that fell from the reeling gladiator's hand as from his bosom gushed the streak of wasted life.

Then it was not a mere defeat of college colors, but the rending of limb from limb of the magnificent specimens of physical manhood for ferocious lions and tigers if for a portion of a second the gladiator's skill proved futile, or his nerve failed.

It is one of these thrilling chapters of the world's history that Sanford Dodge will portray in his forthcoming production of "Nero, the Gladiator." Don't forget the day and date. Order seats early. Do it now! Empire Theatre, Monday, May 13.

Italian: "I see another naval engagement is reported."

Wife: "More fighting?"

Italian: "I suppose so. The captain is engaged to the rear-admiral's daughter."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

(Continued from Page Four.)

Everybody's mother is the best Mother. White flowers for remembrance and peace, any other color just a symbol that you love her. Don't put it off and forget.

Miss Helen Marshall of Calgary, who has been enjoying a delightful fortnight's visit to Edmonton, left on Thursday for her home.

Mr. Morse is spending a few days in Calgary, having gone down on Wednesday night.

Miss Jean Biggar is visiting Mrs. James Lyons Biggar.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. MacNamara returned at last week end from a delightful visit to Honolulu, the Panama Canal, and a number of other interesting places.

PROGRAMME OF ALBERTA MUSICAL FESTIVAL

Tuesday, May 14th

Morning—9.30-10.30, Piano Junior; 10.30-11.00, Violin Junior and Open; 11.00-12.00, Piano, Open.

Afternoon—2.00-2.45, Vocal Competition, Contraltos; 2.45-3.00, Vocal Competition, Soprano and Tenor Duets; 3.00-3.15, Vocal Competition, Contralto and Baritone Duets; 3.15-4.30, Vocal Competition, Mezzo Sopranos; 4.30-5.15, Vocal Competition, Tenors; 5.15-6.00, Vocal Competition, Bases.

Evening—8.00-8.30, Choral Competition, Small Choirs (Class II C); 8.30-9.15, Choral Competition, Male Choruses; 9.15-10.30, Choral Competition, Large Choirs (Class II A).

Wednesday, May 15th

Morning—9.30-11.00, Piano Sight Playing and Accompanying; 11.00-12.00, Sight Singing.

Afternoon—2.00-2.15, Vocal Competition, Sopranos; 2.15-3.45, Vocal Competition, Male Quartettes; 3.45-6.00, Choral Competition, School Choruses.

Evening—7.45-8.15, Choral Competition, Medium Choirs (Class II B); 8.45, Grand Concert by Massed Chorus, Orchestra and Winning Competitors in McDougall Church Auditorium.

Thursday, May 16th

Morning—9.30-10.30, Vocal Competition, Boy and Girl Solos; 10.30-12.00, Vocal Competition, Baritones.

Afternoon—3.00-3.30, Vocal Competition, Ladies' Trios; 3.30-4.00, Vocal Competition, Mixed Quartettes; 4.00-4.45, Vocal Competition, Ladies' Choruses; 4.45-5.30, Vocal Competition, Choruses Societies.

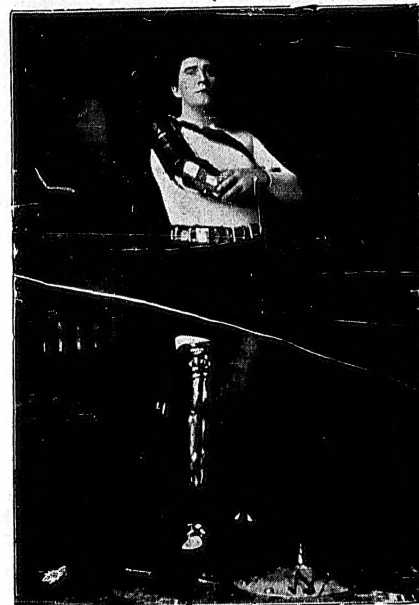
Evening—8.45, Grand Concert by Massed Chorus, Orchestra and Winning Competitors in McDougall Church Auditorium.

IDA M. TARBELL'S SHARP REBUKE TO UNPRODUCTIVE WOMEN

In an article on "The Irresponsible Women and the Friendless Child," in the May American Magazine, Ida M. Tarbell says:

"The heaviest burden to-day on productive America, aside from the burden imposed by a vicious industrial system, is that of its non-productive women. They are the most demanding portion of our society. They spend more money than any other group, are more insistent in their cry for amusement, are more resentful of interruptions of their pleasures and excitements, go to greater extremes of indolence and uneasiness.

"The really serious side to the existence of this parasitic group is that great numbers of other women, not free, forced to produce, accept their standards of life. We hear women, useful women, everywhere talking about the desirability of not being obliged to do anything, commiserating those who have heavy household responsibilities, and by the whole gist of their words and acts influencing those younger and less experienced than themselves to believe that happiness lies in irresponsible living."



Mr. Sanford Dodge, at the Empire Theatre next Monday, in "The Gladiator."

THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA

(Continued from Page Six.)

Gaekwar, almost pathetic in the simplicity of his white robes, without a jewel on his dress, without a ring on his finger, never with even a shilling in his pocket. A man so careless about money that until a few years ago he did not trouble to know one coin from another, utterly indifferent to the value of the treasures which surround him, except in so far as they are beautiful, useful and seemingly.

But the Maharaja does not invariably cultivate this Spartan simplicity of attire. When in royal state he is an imposing person. Here is a picture of him attending a Mohammedan festival. "He was magnificently dressed, a great plume of diamonds waving above his puggari, a splendid collar of pearls and diamonds hanging round his neck, the Star of India blazing with jewels on his breast, and priceless rings flashing on his hands, as with one he returned the salutes of his subjects, and with the other grasped his jewelled sword hilt. He was mounted on an enormous elephant, decorated with a massive gold necklace, gold cases for his tusks, gold anklets and earrings—an elephant's ear-ring being the size of a breast plate—and golden bells. From his back to the ground hung a wonderful piece of cloth-of-gold, the size of a large drawing room carpet."

Only a few of the elephants can bear the weight of the golden "amhari," or throne, for the carrying of which they have to specially fed. It is as big as a small motor-car, and it takes twenty-four strong men to lift it on to the elephant's back.

Though the Gaekwar has more palace than he knows what to do with, he is building for perhaps, by this time has completed) a new one in Bombay. It is a magnificent building of white stone, enriched with rare marbles, mosaics and carved woodwork. It had, at the time of Mr. Weeden's visit, already cost over a million pounds, and was likely to cost half as much again before it was finished. Even the Gaekwar seemed rather unwilling to write the bill. "I asked him," writes the author, "what he was going to call it, and he said that the 'White Elephant' would be rather a good name." Which seems to show that his highness possesses a nice sense of humor.

"Tiger shooting made easy." Mr. Weeden describes one sporting expedition he made with the Maharaja. Ten motor cars were employed for the journey into the jungle, and a hundred miles of new roads had been made for them, so as to avoid the tiring journey on elephants or in cars over the rough country roads. The tigers were slaughtered from platforms built in the trees and approached by ladders. The tigers were driven toward the "machines," as these platforms are called, by an army of beaters, and the arrangements for locating the game were very complete. Telephone wires had been laid through the jungle in all directions,

and shikaris placed in every part of it; then when one of them discovered a tiger he sent a message immediately to headquarters, and seats were taken accordingly. "I believe," writes Mr. Weeden complacently, "that this is the first time that the telephone has been used for this purpose."

It will come as a surprise to many people in England, who are accustomed to regard Indian ladies as the least emancipated of their sex, to learn that the wife of the Maharaja not only rides—and rides astride—but also takes part in tiger hunts, and on this occasion accounted for five of the bag—London "Daily Chronicle."

WHICH WAS THE PRISONER?

In the second battle for the possession of the Weldon Railroad, which was fought on August 10, 1864, a certain Massachusetts regiment suddenly found the woods in its rear filled with Confederate troops. The wildest confusion ensued. Every man looked out for himself. Among them was a certain sergeant who started to the rear towards his batteries, the situation of which he determined from the line of fire.

He had gone but a short distance when he met a Confederate soldier seeking safety in the opposite direction. Both, of course, were armed.

"Halt!" commanded the sergeant. The Confederate came to a full stop, but promptly called upon the Yankee to surrender.

"Not I!" returned the sergeant. "It's no use to stand out," said the other. "Our troops will soon be along in force, and you'll be taken anyway." Not being anxious to live on short rations at a Southern prison, the sergeant still refused to surrender.

"I tell you what," he said, at last, "we'll settle it this way: We'll both run our guns on the ground and lie down beside them. If the Confederates come first, I'll surrender to you. But if Union troops come along first, you surrender to me."

"All right," said the other. Both threw their guns down and dropped beside them. The Union batteries were still playing on the woods, and the air was filled with bursting shells. The two men hugged the ground as close as they could. At last, after the firing began to flag a little, a squad of Federal soldiers came along.

"You've got me, Yank!" the Confederate admitted. And together the sergeant and his prisoner rushed to the rear, away from the thunder of the Union guns.

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May Robson and Jack Storey in a scene from act three nights, commencing Thursday, May 16th. b "A Night Out."

Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," Empire Theatre, Saturday night Miss Robson will present

The Common Sense of the Edmonton Political Situation

The Saturday News cannot be charged with overfondness for Premier Sifton, his Ministry, or the conduct of that Ministry in respect of the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway. We believed and contended that the Rutherford Ministry were enterprising and judicious in that project, until they halted before the storm raised by its interested enemies. Had they pursued it resolutely they might have fallen, but the probability is that they would, in that case, have surmounted the difficulties, and compelled their various opponents to acknowledge that development of the north country would serve all Alberta's interests well.

Proof of the essential soundness of the A. & G. W. W. scheme is that Premier Sifton, who came down from the bench to harmonize conflicting opinions within the Liberal party, has adopted the project, wisely entrusting a strong Canadian Company with the work. In that adoption Mr. Boyle concurs, and we heartily congratulate him on his good sense.

Mr. Cross, of course, stood always rather for a railway to Fort MacMurray than for limitation of its construction to any particular concern. He is vindicated, to allege that he cannot consistently join the Ministry which vindicates him seems to us nonsensical. Similarly all who sympathized with his position in the A. & G. W. affair can consistently support the Ministry, which now includes him. As for Premier Sifton, he must be congratulated for having achieved what he came down from the Bench to effect, viz.: the complete reunion of friends who were at loggerheads two years ago.

This reunion might have been impossible, since neither Mr. Cross nor Mr. Boyle abandons his position on the A. & G. W. matter, had that business remained in the political field. It is not there. It is before the courts. The Privy Council of the Empire will decide whether the legislation of Mr. Sifton was good or bad in that matter. It is sub judice. It is as much out of politics as any question can be.

Neither Mr. Cross nor Mr. Boyle could effect it one iota by going on arguing as to past wrongs or rights

about it. The place of that question in the political field has been occupied by another, a live question, one that is up for electoral decision, one that is not only "in politics," but in to the virtual exclusion of every other question.

This live question is "Do the electors of Alberta and of Edmonton wish the Railway Programme to be pushed or to be delayed?" To us it seems that but one reply can be reasonable. We have seen how political turmoil and obstruction delayed the A. & G. W. R. R. It might have been near completion now. The "double" of it, almost the same road, together with some 1300 miles of other railway, have just been put under way. They are in the hands of strong companies. Will the electors strike and embarrass the Government which has guaranteed bonds for those roads?

To do so would be to hinder their construction. Defeat of railway programme candidates would be a blow against the entire scheme. Two years hence, if we delivered such blow now, the railways might be no farther ahead than is the road which political turmoil stopped two years ago.

For the Sifton Ministry we may not care one iota. But we care much for the Railway Programme. That is how electors of Edmonton and of the other, opened constituencies, seem sure to reason. Those of them who love Premier Sifton no more than we do, may well reason that they can't turn him out now by voting against his Railway Programme; that they can turn him out at the general elections two years hence, if then they wish so; that they can then hit him without harming his Railway Programme, since it will then be far advanced toward completion, and in such shape that any succeeding Ministry can and must push it.

Just so with the Laurier Ministry and the G.T.P. Railway. The electors of Canada, in 1908, maintained them until completion of the road was put beyond doubt, and until the opponents of the scheme were powerless to do anything but help it to a finish.

Then the federal electors felt free to disregard the appeal "Let Laurier finish his work." In 1911 he had

THE INVESTOR

The Government's Guarantee of Railway Bonds

The following criticism of Canadian railway borrowings emanates from the Canadian correspondent of the Boston Transcript:

In a recent letter the matter of the huge borrowings of the railway companies in Canada was touched upon and it was pointed out that they constituted a possible danger to Canadian financial stability. In connection with the danger involved to the holders of railroad securities, the danger to several of the Provinces which have embarked most actively in the business of guaranteeing the railway bonds also is to be considered. As the greater part of the new construction work is carried

practically finished it, inasmuch as he had secured its completion.

Precisely similar was the wise conduct of Canada's federal electors with regard to the C.P.R. They stood by those who furthered the scheme until it was completed. Then they soon turned out the constructing party.

There is no gratitude to politicians in the electorate. Nor should there be. At each and every election the question comes up anew: "What do you propose to do now? you who have had our affairs in hand, and who have pursued with our money the works which you boast. Let us know what you ask us to let you do next."

To vote on grounds of mere gratitude to public agents would be as silly as to vote on grounds of personal or party animosity against men engaged in doing what we wish. That is the case of the Sifton Ministry in regard to the Railway Programme.

That is why Edmonton and the other opened constituencies seem to us sure to elect five supporters for the Railway Programme. The bigger their majorities, the better for the policy, and therefore for the interests of literally everybody in the Province and the city. We say "everybody," because we reckon those who don't, can't or won't act reasonably, as amounting to just Nobody at all.

on in Western Canada, it is natural that the Western provinces should be involved heavily in these railway guarantees. All of them have made themselves liable for very large amounts. It is most unfortunate that the manner of railway financing should have become so mixed up with Western politics. British Columbia has just had a provincial election in which the Conservative party, under Premier McBride, swept the province—not a single Liberal being elected.

It is generally understood that the railway policy of the British Columbia Government is chiefly responsible for this great success. That policy has been to encourage the building of railway lines in all parts of the province where the railway companies could be induced to build. Guarantees have been given freely, especially to the Canadian Northern Railway. Premier McBride's political opponents in Eastern and Western Canada claim that Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann are the actual governing power in British Columbia. However, it should be said that these interests are also exceedingly powerful in the next province—Alberta—which is under Liberal rule.

From Alberta the Canadian Northern has also received a very large amount of assistance in the form of provincial guarantees of principal and interest on bonds issued. Taken together the two provinces have guaranteed railway bonds to the extent of about \$100,000,000; and the total population of the two provinces is in the neighborhood of 800,000. In other words, the railway bonds guaranteed amount to \$125 per capita for the whole population. Allowing interest at 5 per cent. on the guaranteed bond issues, the liability for interest amounts to \$6 per annum for every man, woman and child in the two provinces.

Of course, it is not expected that the provinces will have to pay either principal or interest under their guarantees; it is confidently assumed that the railway companies will be able to meet their obligations. As the Conservative McBride Administration in British Columbia was triumphantly returned to power by means of its handling of the railway question, so the Liberal Sifton Administration in Alberta hopes to be returned in the

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An Introduction
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Intended for the Information of the
Prospective Settler and Investor



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Fort George Board of Trade
Alden Avenue, Fort George, B. C.

For all information regarding

Fort George

British Columbia

Its Resources, Development,
Climate, etc., write to or
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FORT GEORGE BOARD OF TRADE

This body is incorporated under the laws
of the Dominion of Canada, and its membership
is composed of the business men of the
district.

The Fort George Board of Trade exists
for the purpose of furnishing to prospective
settlers and investors authentic information
about Fort George and district.

It is a public body, recognizing no private
interests. Its officers and members believe
that the facts about Fort George are good enough,
without exaggeration.

T. M. LEWIS, President.
T. E. STRETCH, Secretary.

Offices: Alden Ave., Fort George, B. C.

This Pamphlet, published by men vitally interested in Fort George, can be had for the asking at the office of the

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same way. A critic of this Government, writing in one of the Montreal Conservative papers, points out that in the last session of the Alberta Legislature railway bonds amounting to \$25,000,000 were guaranteed by the province—in preparation for a provincial election. This critic, who is evidently well versed in Western railway matters, says that the people of the province took it for granted "rightly or wrongly that ministers had made a killing for the campaign fund and that the branch lines would be laid out as far as possible in the interest of settlements friendly to the Government, whether the route was a desirable one or not from the railway point of view."

This criticism is on all fours with the criticism levelled at the Conservative Government in British Columbia by the Liberals. Of course everything is booming in the two provinces and in Saskatchewan, which is also busily engaged in guaranteeing railway bonds. The critic whom I have quoted thus speaks of the situation "All the geese are swans, a fortune awaits anyone who can sign a promissory note for a piece of real estate ten miles from town." It is to be remembered that none of these provincial guarantees are affixed to the bonds or securities of the Canadian Pacific Railway. That company does not accept any such aid. It finances itself without Government assistance and largely by means of ordinary stock and preferred stock. A large proportion of the guarantees have been placed on the securities of the Grand Trunk Pacific Branch Lines Company, and of the Canadian Northern Company.

What will be the outcome of the tremendous responsibilities undertaken by the old Grand Trunk must remain an unsettled problem for some years to come. There are some who think the great cost of the Grand Trunk Pacific will handicap the company seriously in its efforts to meet charges. And the Grand Trunk Branch Lines Company is subsidiary of the Grand Trunk Pacific. The Canadian Northern too, is a comparatively new road. Its revenues are but one-sixth of the Canadian Pacific revenues. Also, it is financing practically everything by issues of bonds.

Criticism of a forward policy of railway development is not likely to receive much encouragement in Canada. The system of guarantees is the best that has been devised of granting public aid and it is certain that such aid is necessary to secure construction in keeping with public requirements.

The charge made in the Montreal paper that the Alberta guarantees have been made with a general election in prospect is not borne out by fact. Politicians, of course, are bound to consider the political effect of their every move but there is no immediate prospect of a general appeal to the people in this province, such as occurred in British Columbia immediately following the bringing down of the McBride policy.

The main feature of the Sifton government's policy is the provision which it makes for opening up the north country. When the lines that are projected in that direction are completed, it will mean a new era not only

for Alberta but for Canada. The settlement of territory many hundreds of miles north of the American boundary will give an altogether new conception of the character and possibilities of the Dominion.

The policy is accordingly likely to have the most far-reaching results of any that a Canadian government has introduced since the C.P.R. transcontinental enterprise was floated. We know how generous was the public aid which was given to that.

Twenty-five million acres of land and twenty-five million dollars along with several hundred miles of completed line, all as a gift outright. In addition to this were large tax exemption privileges and freedom from rate control.

When one makes comparison with this bargain entered into thirty years ago, the aid which the Sifton government is giving appears infinitesimal. It is doing nothing more than lending public credit to the different undertakings. If these are warranted, there is no possibility that the province will ever be called upon to pay a single cent, either in interest or in principal. No such burdens are being placed on the future inhabitants of the country being opened up as the people of the old settled parts of the West have had to bear.

To realize its destiny Canada must keep pushing back the frontier of its settlement and it is hardly surprising that the government which adopts a progressive colonization railway policy should carry public opinion with it very strongly.

Attempts have been made for purely political purposes to make it appear that no large construction work on the lines guaranteed by the government is contemplated in the immediate future and that the signs of activity are so much bluff. In this department, we are interested in knowing just what is happening, not because of its political bearing but because of its influence on the development of the country.

Everyone who has a stake in Alberta or who is thinking of securing a stake, must welcome, no matter what his party affiliations, active operations, and these are undoubtedly best proceeded with. Large survey parties are setting out each week from Edmonton. On Tuesday morning for instance Mr. E. L. Boyce started for the Peace River with a C.N.R. party, which is to go as far as the Pine Pass. The Northern Construction company states that there are 500 men at work on grading operations on the Onoway-Peace River branch.

Mr. McLeod, general manager of the C.N.R., claims that the main line will reach the Yellowhead before the setting in of winter and that the work on this and the various branch lines will mean the greatest programme ever undertaken in a single year in any Canadian province. He has, of course, to make good on this statement. But there is every indication that he will do so.

The heads of the Dunvegan railway enterprise have been on the ground for some weeks past and are making all preparations to go ahead as rapidly as possible with it.

The extent to which public interest has become aroused in the Peace River country is shown by an illustration which appears in the current number of Collier's. It depicts the rush at Lethbridge land office and the caption states that this was occasioned by the action of the government in opening up a large tract of land in "the Peace River district." The Peace River has become firmly identified with the western development that the outside public is looking for in the next few years and just as soon as railway communication is established we shall undoubtedly see an influx of population there such as has never been witnessed elsewhere on the continent. The eyes of the world are upon it and it would be a grave misfortune if the means were not found by which advantage could be taken of this state of public feeling.

Mr. W. P. Hinton of the G.T.P. announced this week that work would be commenced on the railway's \$750,000 hotel on McDougall Avenue, Edmonton, this month, and that it would be carried through actively all summer. The publicity which the G.T.P. has been giving to this hotel enterprise all through the Dominion has been very valuable to Edmonton.

An announcement in respect to station plans is also looked for from the G.T.P. at an early date.

The small stores on the site of the Royal Bank's new building, next to the Yale hotel, have been removed this week.

It is announced that work will commence immediately on the Pantages theatre building which is to cost between \$125,000 and \$150,000 at the corner of Second and Jasper.

The Dyke block just east of the Imperial Bank, has been purchased by Mr. W. Diamond for \$60,000. He has also bought the 30-feet on the east on which there are now small shacks, for \$2300 a foot. A handsome block is to be erected when the leases on these expire.

The flag has been flying all week from the dome of the parliament buildings, the last piece of masonry on the massive structure having been put in place. The work was commenced three years ago.

The proprietors of the Dominion Cigar stores have taken a lease of the McDougall and Second building at the corner of First and Jasper and will remodel it throughout. There will be three stores on Jasper and one on First.

F. B. Reynolds in the Vancouver Saturday Sunset has this to say:
"A study of the last fifty years in any part of the North American continent must make manifest the fact that 'the cheap lot of today is the dear lot of tomorrow.' Even in New York, Chicago, Montreal and Toronto, all comparatively old centres of population and commerce,

real estate is continually going up in value, although, of course, not as rapidly as in the newer cities of Canada where the population is growing fast, wealth being exploited and the standard of living getting higher and higher.

Years ago in New York John Jacob Astor, multi-millionaire from real estate investments, sold a corner on lower Broadway, right in the heart of the most valuable section of Manhattan Island, for two million dollars cash. After the sale was made the new purchaser laughed at Mr. Astor and asked him if he knew that within five years that corner would be worth four million dollars. "Yes, I do know it," replied the real estate wizard, "and while you're making 100 per cent. on your two million dollars I'm going to buy two million dollars' worth up yonder at the north end of Manhattan, now selling as acre property, and in five years my two million dollars' worth will bring ten."

When reduced into the two or three figures which often represent the available capital of those wishing to buy real estate, this simply means that values may increase much faster proportionately in the outlying sections, because the latter are selling so cheap now, and their value is not generally appreciated. I heard a man say the other day that he would prefer ten lots in South Vancouver, North Vancouver, Burnaby, Point Grey or any outlying suburb, than one piece of property in the downtown district of Vancouver, dollar for dollar. The downtown section has reached much nearer its maximum growth than the outlying sections.

Outside property increases in value faster than business property in any established city, for the reason that for every lot sold in the heart of the city for business property there is a demand for a hundred lots for homes. Every large office building that goes up homes half a thousand people who must live somewhere. Therefore, as long as he is certain to be in the line of development, where the overflow from the city's centre must go, the investor need not hesitate to go many miles, if need be from the centre of the city to buy his cheap lot of today.

The earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway continue to expand. The company has had hard experiences to face through the winter as a result of inclement weather and congestion of traffic to be moved, but it has surmounted all difficulties without their being reflected in the earnings at all.

Following are comparisons for March and the nine months of the fiscal year:

	March, 1912	July 1st to March 31, '12
Gross	\$10,519,318	\$89,346,373
Expenses	6,800,917	57,691,000
Net profits	3,718,401	31,655,373
In March, 1911, the net profits were \$3,156,566. And from July 1 to March 31, 1911, there was a net profit of \$27,574,100.		
The gain in net profits over the same period last		

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year is, therefore, for March \$561,834, and from July 1 to March 31, \$4,081,272.

Sir Edmund Osler, president of the Dominion Bank; Mr. D. R. Wilkie, president of the Imperial Bank and the Hon. Robert Jaffray, vice-president of the same institution, were all together at Hot Springs.

This circumstance should provide a basis for more bank merger rumors. They have been started on less Montreal Witness.

Armand Trochu, the founder of Trochu, Alberta, returned from France last week, after an absence of six months. He reports that the socialistic trend of legislation in the old countries is driving capital out of Europe, and that Canada is certainly the favorite with investors at present. He will, himself, have the handling of considerable sums to be invested in house building and coal development.

This week's Canada Gazette gives the notice of a special meeting of the Alberta Central Railway to be held in Montreal, Tuesday, June 4, to consider leasing the line to the C.P.R. and to decide upon means to raise funds to defray the cost of constructing and equipping new branches.

CHERRYDALE.

The population in the city of Edmonton has increased in the last five years from a small town of 10,000 to a city of 50,000 population, and it is reasonable to say that at the rate the city is growing at the present time, the population will increase a least 25,000 more in the next two years. From the situation of Edmonton it is destined to become to the west what Montreal is to the east, namely the metropolis and most important city in western Canada.

On account of the rapid growth of Edmonton and the demands by the railroads and other industries for space to build freight sheds, factories, warehouses, etc., the central part of the city has become so congested that these companies find it impossible to acquire enough property for their use, so consequently they will have to get property out from the heart of town.

The C. N. R. Co., seeing these conditions, started construction last week on a cut-off from Oliver to St. Albert, which when completed will shorten the distance between the two towns by over half what the road has to cover at present to reach these places and further than that they will have ample space for their freight sheds and warehouses; and companies who are now looking for property on a railroad to build their factories will find sufficient space along this new line, which will run north of town.

Seeing the demand there will be for property in that section in a short time one of our real estate firms have opened for sale a new subdivision called Cherrydale, which adjoins the railroad. As Cherrydale lies between

Otter and Kinnaird streets, which are the two main roads from Edmonton into the northern country, and as it is proposed that Kinnaird street will be used by the Radial Railway Co. to build their line on, when they extend it north, anyone buying property in Cherrydale will be buying the choicest property offered in subdivisions on the market today.

PRODIGAL STILL

(By Robert J. C. Stead in Colliers.)

Mr. Stead was formerly a resident of Manitoba and now lives at High River, Alberta. With his poem he sends a letter in which he says: "Some years ago you published a poem of mine in which I used the lines, in the figure of Western Canada addressing the East, 'Yet nurture the child that is born you Ere other arms entwine,' and these lines now seem to have been almost prophetic. As I say 'Loyalty never yet came by force,' and we must have a broader and more sympathetic attitude between East and West if Canada is not to break at her Laurentian Rip."

The Prodigal Son has turned his face
To his Father's house and his Fatherland,
And he seats himself in the highest place,
And the vlands are served at his command;
His face is fair and his heart is free—
And great is its burden of good or ill—
But little of reverence bringeth he,
For the Prodigal Son is prodigal still!

The Prodigal Son comes not in rags,
Nor stained with the tears of a sad estate;
He comes with a flourish of foreign flags,
He comes in the pride of the newly-great;
His purse is fat and his arm is strong,
And if he sin he will pay the bill;
He brings his creed of Right and Wrong;
For the Prodigal Son is a prodigal still.

The Prodigal Son at the Father's board
Feasts as only a prodigal can;
He knows where the richest wines are stored,
And he helps himself—as becomes a man;
And the Brother may look with eye askance
At his kinsman's nerve and his kinsman's will
As he drops the Sure to seize the Chance,
For the Prodigal Son is a prodigal still.

The Prodigal Son has come to stay,
And Father and Brother must face the fact;
And him they cannot coerce, they may
Convert by generous, graceful tact;
The heat in the blood must run its course;
The fever must burn or the fever will kill;
Loyalty never yet came by force—
For the Prodigal Son is prodigal still!

BORDERING ON THE MIRACULOUS

John McElroy's Heart Trouble Cured
by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Could Not Work All Summer, and
Doctor Failed to Help, but Cure
was Quick When He Used Dodd's
Kidney Pills.

Benton, N.B., May 6.—(Special).—Bordering on the miraculous is the cure of John McElroy, a young man well-known here. He was suffering from heart trouble and was so bad that all last summer he was not able to do a day's work. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him. In telling the story of his cure, Mr. McElroy says:

"I went to a doctor who said I had palpitation, but his medicine did not seem to reach the spot. I suffered for over a year and all last summer I was not able to do a day's work. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I felt heavy and sleepy after meals and I was always tired and nervous. I perspired freely with the least exertion. "After I had finished taking the doctor's medicine, and as I felt no better, I read in an almanac what Dodd's Kidney Pills could do and made up my mind to try them. Before I had finished the first box I felt different, and by the time the second was half gone I was working in the woods and doing good work."

A SAVANT'S LAPSES

Numerous stories have been told of the absent-mindedness of John Burdon Sanderson, the late regius professor of medicine at Oxford though it is probable, says the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette that many of them perhaps the most amusing ones, are without foundation. An interesting volume relates diverting tales which are evidently authentic, and from which we produce these:

"It is an absolute fact that he used to delight his classes by stuffing one chalky duster after the other in his pockets and finally using his pocket handkerchief to clean the blackboard. Creditable witnesses have seen him at

his own dinner table carefully carve the joint and serve his guests and then fall to on his own plate utterly oblivious of the fact that he had forgotten to help himself. The late Sir Henry Acland had a story he always enjoyed of the professor's absent-mindedness. While a guest at his house Professor Sanderson one day asked Miss Acland if he might have his luncheon earlier than usual as he wished to have a walk before returning to the schools. At the appointed hour luncheon was duly served and the professor left the house. Ten minutes later, at his luncheon hour, he returned, rang the bell and asked the astonished servant to bring up a bite to eat. It was duly served, and Miss Acland had the satisfaction of seeing her guest make a hearty second repast, utterly ignorant that it was an encore.

"His wife left him one evening to conduct his guests into the dining-room. When she came down into the hall she found him helping them into their overcoats, shaking hands and saying good night. More recently he had a distinguished stranger staying as his guest in the house. Leaving the museum he happened to meet his guest strolling toward the parks. He greeted him with the greatest cordiality and invited him to accompany him toward his house. Arrived at the gate he turned around and shook hands. "It has been the greatest pleasure to me to meet you, and I wish I could ask you to pass a few days with us. But the house is full, as we have some folk staying with us."

How lovingly the lilacs lean,
How gracefully the lilacs nod,
Above the vernal gale an green
Do the soft garden sod!

And how adown the twilight tides
Their delicate perfume drifts and strays,
Recalling poignantly the ideas
Of long vanished Mays!

O lilacs, droop! O lilacs, fling
Your stars as in other years!
From out the precious past you bring
The bitter-sweet of tears!
—Clinton Scollard, in Lippincott's.

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INGLEWOOD—
Lots 16 and 17, Blk. 30, for
both\$2500
Third, 6 and 12.

DELTON—
Lot 10, Blk. 41. Price.....\$450
Half, 6 and 12.

Lots 18, 19, 20, Blk. 29, triple
corner\$1900
Half, 6 and 12.

Lots 2 and 3, Blk. 6, each.....\$800
Cash \$450 each, 6 and 12.

DOVERCOURT—
Lot 11, 12, Blk. 16.....\$1000
Half, 6 and 12.

NORWAL—
Lots 6 and 7, Blk. 78.....\$2100
Half, 6 and 12.

Lots 7, 8, 9, Blk. 82 A. Price,
each\$500
Third, 6 and 12.

DORVAL—
Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Blk. 8. Each \$900
Half, 6 and 12.

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This Ideal Property lies directly north of Delton and west of Kinnaird street, and south of the C. N. R. main line cut-off. Every lot is high and dry, and the whole subdivision commands a beautiful panorama of the city.

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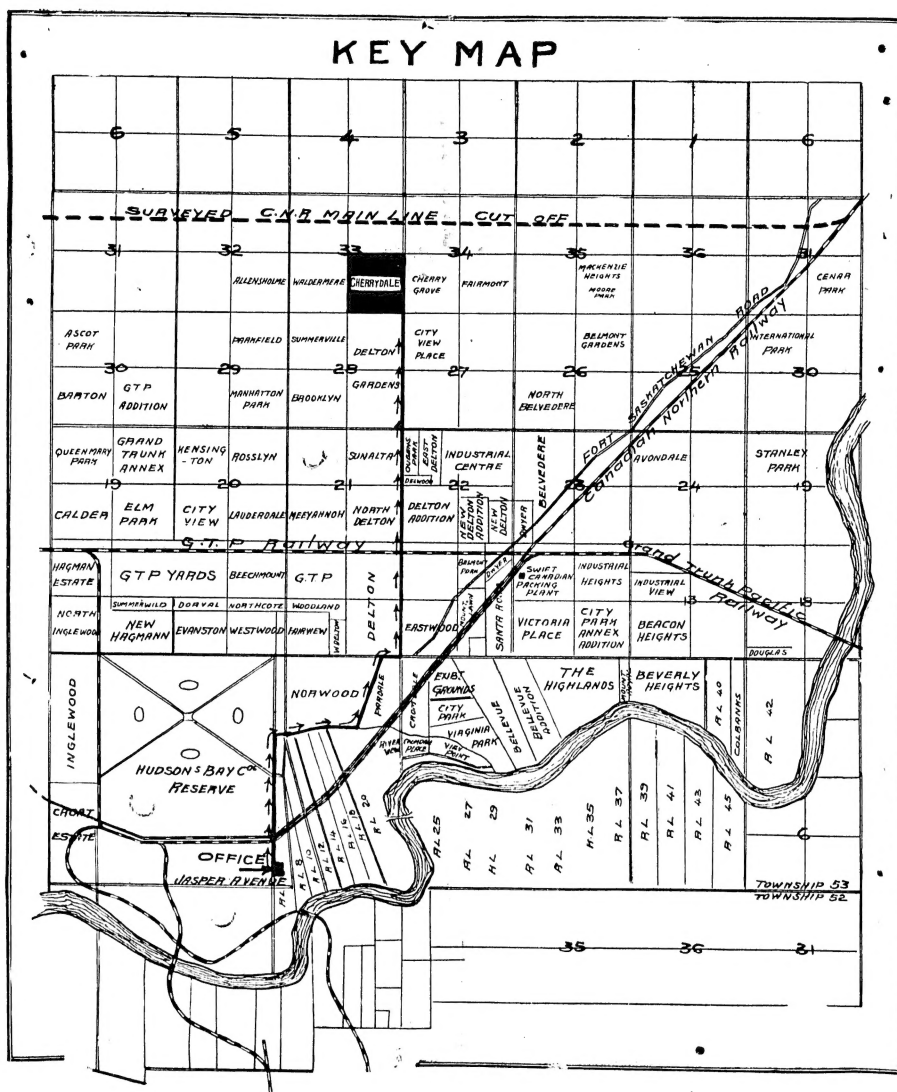
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LOTS

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LOTS

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If we fail to interest, fail to convince you that CHERRYDALE offers one of the greatest chances of your life-time, it is not the fault of CHERRYDALE. The fault will lie in your own inability to put in black and white the actual facts as they exist. Come and let us motor you out and see for Yourself.